

# The Daily Mirror

No. 437.

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as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

## GERMAN EMPEROR.



This, the latest, photograph of the Emperor William, shows that monarch in his uniform as an officer of the Spanish army. It was taken just before he started on the tour of the Mediterranean which is causing some uneasiness in diplomatic circles.—(Voigt.)

## AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



Yesterday was "sending-in day" for those artists who submitted their pictures for the Royal Academy, and hundreds of canvases were thus delivered at Burlington House.

## 'BOYCOTTED' COLONEL.



Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. Grenfell, who is reported to have been boycotted by some of the officers of his regiment, the 3rd Dragoon Guards. (Elliott and Fry.)

## L. PALAIRET RETIRES



Business this year prevents this famous cricketer playing for Somerset.

## DOCTOR NANSEN.



The famous Norwegian explorer of the Arctic regions lectured before the Royal Geographical Society last night.—(Langfrier.)

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11. clearly shows how anybody with small capital make large profits without any experience; profit of £2 on £5 shown in 12 days; are not these results worth attention? Why not send and do the same?—Ives, A

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## TSAR SWAYED BY THE WAR PARTY.

His Latest Move Against the Idea of Peace.

### PRESS GAGGED.

St. Petersburg Papers Forbidden to Publish Pacific Articles.

From the circle immediately surrounding the Tsar comes the report that he has once more changed his intentions, and will not yet make peace.

It is, however, hoped that pacific influence will be exerted by the Kaiser and the King of Italy, who will shortly meet at Naples.

According to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Standard," the Press there has been warned against any advocacy of peace, because that would lead the Japanese to increase their demands.

### PEACE DÉPRECATÉD.

"Novoe Vremya" Calls for the Continuation of the War.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—The "Novoe Vremya" to-day says:—

"Such depression has invaded Russian society that there is talk of peace, even in responsible circles."

The journal advocates the continuation of the war until the Japanese are defeated, but admits the unpopularity of the campaign, which it attributes mainly to ignorance of its origin on the part of the people, and it calls upon the Government to publish an account of the negotiations which preceded the outbreak of hostilities, with a view "to enlightening the public."—Reuter.

### LINIEVITCH HELPLESS.

Sick and Exhausted Russians Abandoned by the Wayside.

PARIS, Monday.—The "Petit Parisien's" correspondent at St. Petersburg telegraphs:—

"Advices from Harbin state that the Japanese continue slowly to advance. General Kawamura's force has moved in the direction of Kiam."

"The Russian retreat is still most toilsome and dangerous. The commissariat and medical services are completely disorganised."

"Men who were sick or exhausted from fatigue have had to be abandoned for want of proper transport. It is probable that the Russian army would not be able to resist any serious attack."—Reuter.

### RUSSIA ABANDONS PARIS LOAN.

The Central News is informed that the Russian Government has for the present abandoned its intention of raising a loan in Paris, in view of the difficulty as to terms. The present Internal Loan of £20,000,000 is intended to meet the cost of the war for the next three months.

### RIOTS IN THE CRIMEA.

Chief of Police Wounded and Military Called Out.

SEBASTOPOL, Monday.—The population here is much excited by details of the disturbances at Yalta, and passengers from the north of that town are stopping here. The Chief of Police at Yalta has been wounded. Warships and three companies of soldiers are being sent to Yalta.—Reuter.

YALTA, Monday.—The disorders here are increasing, and since this morning the greatest excitement prevails. Nearly all the warehouses in the town, the vodka stores, and the police station have been destroyed, and a number of shops have been set on fire.

The arrival of troops is momentarily expected. Military guards are stationed at the Post Office and Treasury buildings. An extraordinary sitting of the town council has been summoned to deal with the disturbances.—Reuter.

### HOW BARON NOLKEN ESCAPED.

WARSAW, Monday.—It appears that Baron Nolen owes his life to the bad aim of his assailant, who threw the bomb behind the cab instead of underneath it.

The Baron's body is full of innumerable splinters. The police have not yet succeeded in arresting the criminal.—Reuter.

## JOURNALIST STABBED

Mr. Harris, the "Times" Correspondent, Attacked in a Tangier Street.

Brief, but indicative of the lawless social state of Morocco, is a Reuter's message yesterday.

Mr. Harris, the "Times" correspondent, who has had already so many startling adventures, was stabbed in the stomach while standing outside the British Post Office.

His assailant was a Moorish hotel guide, who rushed at him and struck him.

Fortunately the dagger glanced off the guard of Mr. Harris's watch, and only inflicted a very slight wound.

Mr. Harris states that he is quite unaware of any cause for the outrage.

The Moor was formerly in the service of Mr. Harris. "He fled directly after making the attempt. Soldiers who went in pursuit of the Moor found him hiding in the house of the Sheriff Wazzani. The place was considered sacred, but the Moor was subsequently given up to the authorities."

In the south of Morocco M. de Segouzac, the French explorer, is still held at ransom by the bandits who captured him. Influential persons are endeavouring to negotiate his release.

### KAISER'S MOORISH VISIT.

Great Military and Tribal Ceremonies To Give Him Welcome.

The Kaiser, who is about to visit Tangier, arrived at Lisbon yesterday, and found the city in festival to greet him.

Preparations for his reception at Tangier are in full swing. The Moors are delighted.

Mouley Abd-el-Malek, the uncle of the Sultan, has been deputed to greet the Kaiser. Mouley will be accompanied by the Moorish Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Grand Chamberlain.

The entire Mahallah, the pick of the Sultan's regiments, quartered at La Ghardia will come to Tangier under the command of Mohammed Chergi. Raisuli, who has been invited, will certainly not come.

All the tribes in the Tangier district will send strong delegations, who will perform various exercises and ceremonies before the Emperor on the Marshan plateau.

The Emperor will see everything of interest with the exception of the mosques, into which he will not be permitted to enter.

### LADY CHASED BY AN APE.

Savage Orang-Outang Attacks Her Savagely, and Is Arrested by Police.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.—A singular spectacle was witnessed in the neighbourhood of La Villette to-day.

A big orang-outang was seen chasing a lady through the streets. It overtook her under the door of a house where she had taken refuge, and attacked her savagely.

Her screams brought the police on the scene, but it required the efforts of three constables to drag away the infuriated ape from its victim, whose hands and face were badly lacerated.

The orang-outang, which is believed to have escaped from a menagerie, is detained awaiting an owner.

### "ALMOST HUMAN" APE AN INVALID

Consul II, the "almost human" ape, cannot leave Paris for England, where he is due at the London Hippodrome, for several days.

He is invalided at the Hotel Ritz, one of the most fashionable in Paris, where his manager, Mr. Frank Bostock, hovers round him as anxiously as a father.

### ATTEMPT ON ENGLISH MOTOR-BOAT.

Mr. F. S. Edge's motor-boat Napier has nearly been prevented from participating in the Monte Carlo Motor-boat Regatta.

A daring attempt was made to steal the boat's propeller from a railway carriage travelling between Paris and the Riviera, but an employee of Mr. Edge threw the would-be robber from the train at Montelimar. The man managed to escape.

### EXCITING FIRE SCENES.

The proprietor of the Station Restaurant, at Norbiton, and his family had an exciting escape from fire early yesterday morning.

The outbreak, said to be caused by the overheating of a stove, spread so rapidly that the inmates had to escape in their nightdresses.

The restaurant and some of the bedrooms were gutted.

The entire population of a Russian village, 130 in number, under the leadership of their pope, have arrived at Cherbourg en route for the Argentine.

## QUEEN'S EMOTION.

Almost Moved to Tears by Lisbon's Regal Reception.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

LISBON, Monday.—I am informed by a prominent member of the Portuguese Court that Queen Alexandra was deeply moved and highly delighted by her magnificent reception by the people of Portugal during her stay here.

"All the King, my husband, told me," remarked her Majesty, "was but a pallid reflection of the reality."

At the gala performance at the opera, when the Queen entered amid an amazing storm of affectionate greeting, her Majesty, speaking to the King of Portugal in a tremulous voice, observed, "If this continues I shall be unable to repress my tears. I am deeply touched."

To the priests and nuns of the Dominican establishments, who were disappointed that the Queen could not visit them, her Majesty sent a lovely banquet with a message full of graceful good wishes.

Before leaving the Queen presented a handsomely-jewelled cigarette-case and brooch to Count and Countess Figueiro, who had been in attendance upon her, and a sum of £250 was disbursed amongst the servants who had waited on the royal guest.

There is no truth in the suggestion that Princess Victoria is suffering from any indisposition, except weakness, naturally following such an operation as she has recently undergone.

### THE KING'S VISIT TO DENMARK

The King is not going to Denmark in connection with any movement for mediation in the Russo-Japanese war. The statement to that effect has been officially contradicted. His Majesty is going solely for the purpose of congratulating the King of Denmark on his birthday.

Last night the King dined with the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and to-morrow leaves London on a visit to Lord Derby at Preston.

The Prince of Wales has been appointed by the King Grand Master of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, in succession to the late Duke of Cambridge.

### SCHOOLBOY SOLDIERS.

Experts Say Physical Training Should Be Kept Free from Military Supervision.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh recently stated that, whilst he was in favour of physical drill in schools, he did not advocate the proposal to associate such drill with the War Office.

Major-General Sir A. E. Turner writes to a correspondent also stating that there was a good deal in Lord Balfour's objection.

"The Nonconformists generally," he continues, "object to anything like military training of their youth, and if they were placed in the hands of the War Office, they would seriously object."

"On the whole, I think that the Education Department for that reason should take this most important matter in hand."

Sir John Gorst is practically of the same opinion.

### FATAL AVALANCHE.

Guide Carried Away While His Party of Tourists Escaped.

Two avalanche disasters are reported by Reuter from Switzerland.

Four tourists from Geneva, with a guide, were overwhelmed near Chateau D'Oex; the guide was carried away, and his body has not been found. He leaves six children. The tourists escaped.

While on an excursion to Brien, one of a party of nine members of the Lucerne Ski Club was hurled down a precipice by a moving mass of snow. He was a postal employee from Colonne.

### MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Merthyr's oldest inhabitant, Mrs. Howell, died in her 100th year yesterday.

It is stated at Calais that an American squadron will visit European waters this year.

Two rebels have been killed at Lakko, in Crete, but all is quiet at Canea, though the shops are closed.

French torpedo-boat No. 250 struck a rock during manoeuvres and has become a total wreck at Toulon.

The Berlin Municipality are to build two immense popular swimming baths for both sexes, at a cost of £80,000.

No rain has fallen in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar and throughout Andalusia since December 24, and the harvest prospects are ruined.

Mr. Evan Roberts, the Welsh revivalist, has, it is said, given £200 to the Moriah Calvinist Church, at Loughor, of which he is a member.

## EXPLAINING THE JAM "SCANDAL."

Apparent Shortage Due to a Military Blunder.

### COUNTRY NOT CHEATED.

A fresh complexion has been placed upon the sensational story that 1,350,816 tins of jam were sent to South Africa by Australian contractors, each tin containing twelve ounces of jam instead of sixteen ounces.

In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Bromley-Davenport, the Financial Secretary to the War Office, read long typewritten reply to a question addressed to him by Dr. Macnamara, who wanted to know the names of the contractors, and why the alleged shortage was unnoticed when the goods first passed into the hands of the War Office authorities.

Mr. Bromley-Davenport replied: "The War Department is now in possession of the names of the contractors who supplied jam to South Africa from Australia and Tasmania."

"But as the question put might convey some reflection on the firms concerned, I should like to take this opportunity of making a statement on the facts of the case."

#### FULL QUANTITY SUPPLIED.

"None of the jam so supplied was in tins containing only twelve ounces. Part of the supply was in tins containing sixteen ounces, but the bulk was in nominal containers either fourteen ounces or twenty-eight ounces (1lb. and 2lb. nominals)."

"These nominals were never ordered as such or were in execution of orders for net weights."

"In the latter case an extra number of nominals was supplied equivalent to the deficiency. In all cases the country received the full quantity of jam paid for."

"Any apparent shortage is attributed to the fact that, in the first place, the heat and exposure to which the goods were of necessity subjected; and that, in the second place, local military authorities had under a misapprehension treated the tins as containing full pounds of jam."

The Radicals, however, profess to have secured certain private circulars which were issued from the Admiralty to the effect that a private firm, and which, they declare, throw a good deal of light on the matter.

### DIARY OF AN M.P.

Mr. Chamberlain Completing His Arrangements for Election Two Months Hence.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Monday Night.—Dissolution prophesies this evening profess to have special information to the effect that Mr. Chamberlain is completing his arrangements for the general election within the next two months, and that this is one of the main reasons why several of his pending engagements have been for the present postponed.

The right honourable gentleman, it seems, is naturally desirous that Mr. Austen Chamberlain should have the distinction of carrying through his second Budget, more particularly as on this occasion it will be much more popular than last year.

When this has been accomplished, however, the member for West Birmingham is understood to see no reason why the Government should go on "marking time," and thus indirectly frustrating his fiscal policy.

#### LORD SALISBURY'S LETTER.

Quite an unusual amount of interest has been aroused by Lord Salisbury's letter to-day declaring that his late father was absolutely opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals.

The tariff reformers in the House are very indignant at Lord Salisbury's statement, and it certainly will not improve the relations between the two sections of the Party.

The opinion of the Lobby is that Mr. Chamberlain will take an early opportunity of showing his resentment at what he is understood to regard as unnecessary interference on the part of the President of the Board of Trade in the controversy regarding the representation of Greenwich.

At last Mr. Joseph Walton has finally decided on the form of his fiscal resolution to be proposed at the evening sitting to-morrow.

It now reads as follows:— "That, in view of the declarations made by the Prime Minister, this House thinks it necessary to record its condemnation of his policy of fiscal reticulation."

It is hoped by the Opposition that, by the alteration in the terms of the resolution, it will be impossible for Mr. Balfour to ignore the debate, more especially as it is a direct vote of censure on him personally.

I have the best reason to believe, however, that the Prime Minister will in no way change the attitude of indifference which he has announced he will take towards this and other fiscal resolutions.

## YPHOID SCARES THE RACEGOERS.

Visitors at Lincoln Drink Champagne  
for Safety's Sake.

### GLOOMY MEETING.

A steady, drizzling rain combined with the phoid scare to make the opening of the flatting season at Lincoln yesterday both dreary and satisfactory.

The crowd was the smallest seen on the Carme for years, and most of the visitors deferred their arrival until the last possible moment.

When the excursion trains arrived, they brought passengers save the seasoned professional racers, and even these seemed unwilling to spend a moment longer in the city than was absolutely necessary.

To avoid taking any meal at Lincoln some had eaten before departure, others, in the words of a well-known trainer, had "brought their pockbags with them" in the shape of packets of sandwiches, champagne and other beverages into the condition of which water is supposed not to enter good favourites. Tea and coffee were offered outside prices, but found no takers.

Many owners and trainers who usually stay three or four days in the city had taken rooms elsewhere, keys, trainers, and owners are travelling to and from a Newmarket each day.

Dining in Villages.

Accommodation in the villages near Lincoln is at a premium. The railway companies, ever ready to seize an opportunity, are running quick and convenient trains from neighbouring centres, where many racegoers have arranged for lodging.

All this must be very depressing to the people of Lincoln, whose arrangements for the meeting excellent, every possible precaution having been taken. Indeed, their air of quiet confidence has been used many sportsmen to regret that they have been so far from making inconvenient arrangements orchard.

When racing started the crowds in the enclosures were appreciably smaller than usual, and many of the usual faces were missing.

Business was transacted with a subdued air, and news that another favourite for the handicap had been scratched did not add any joviality to the demeanour of the takers of odds.

Owners, jockeys, and trainers alike cherish a pleasant in favour of opening the season well by doing in the initial race. This year the distinction fell to Sir Ernest Paget, who was present to transfer win for him.

Headier, his trainer, only turned out one winner in a season. Second place was filled by a horse owned by the jockey-trainer, S. Lontes, whose scores so remarkable a succession of second places.

Johnson, the Foxhill trainer, won three races during the day, and his success was taken as an indication of the excellent prospects of Velas, which he probably start favourite for the big handicap day.

## CORD FEAT IN A GALE.

Two Propeller Blades Fitted on a Helplessly  
Drifting Steamer.

By fitting two new propeller blades during a gale, in place of two carried away, the steamer topped, on her maiden voyage from London to the Town, has created a "record."

The vessel became uncontrollable, and drifted nearly 200 miles. Then 800 tons of the cargo tilted, raising the stern, but dangerously depressing the bows.

Members of the crew, lashed by the waists with ropes, worked in a stinging hung over the stern for five days' continual effort, in spite of the fact that the staving was frequently washed away, they succeeded, without loss of life, in refloating the ship. Each of the new blades weighed 2½ tons.

## FORM TO COST £260,000 A YEAR.

It is estimated that the reduction to a penny the postage between England and Australia will save the Government a loss to the postal authorities of about £260,000 a year.

Meanwhile Mr. Henniker Heaton was yesterday recipient of many telegrams congratulating him on the adoption of a reform he has so long advocated.

## INVOLVER AND LOVE RHAPSODY.

The manuscript of a love poem was found on a German who was found yesterday, shot through the head, on Dover sea front.

The youth recovered consciousness, but immediately after giving his name as Eric Breithaupt, of Berlin, succumbed to his injuries. Communications have been made to the Berlin authorities.

## NO RELEASE.

John Lee, Who Thrice Escaped the  
Gallows, to Remain in Prison.

Mr. Fenwick yesterday asked the Home Secretary if he could see his way clear to order the release of John Lee, who was convicted in 1885 of the Babbicombe murder, and who had served twenty years' imprisonment for the crime.

Mr. Akers Douglas replied that he had fully considered the case, but having regard to the character of the crime and the circumstances under which the capital sentence was respited, he could not advise any exercise of the royal prerogative in this convict's favour.

Answering Mr. MacNeill, the Home Secretary said that this convict during his imprisonment had issued threats, many times repeated, against the lives of persons now living.

It will be remembered that Lee, who stoutly protested his innocence, was condemned to death.

All efforts at a reprieve were unsuccessful, but, on the morning of the execution, the gallows refused to act. Three times was the wretched man taken to the scaffold; three times the mechanism failed, and Lee's sentence was commuted.

Many people believe to this day that Lee's life was saved by some supernatural agency.

## M.P.'S BODY NOT SEIZED.

Graceful Escape Found for Irish Member Who  
Disobeyed the Speaker.

Mr. Donald Sullivan, M.P., will not, after all, be locked up in the Clock Tower for disobeying the Speaker's order requiring him to attend the Railway Committee.

At the same time Mr. Sullivan has not yielded. He will not sit on the committee under the chairmanship of Sir Henry Kimber, who, being interested in railway companies, cannot, according to Mr. Sullivan, be impartial.

To avoid unpleasantness a substitute, in the person of Mr. Duncan, has been found.

And Mr. Sullivan himself has stretched one little point in order to conform to the letter of the law. He will attend at the opening of the committee, and then immediately retire.

## UNDER CHARITY'S CLOAK.

Strange Story of a Music-Hall Artist's  
Lost Jewels.

How Miss Dolly Harmer, a well-known music-hall artist, lost £25 worth of jewellery by singing at a charity performance was told in the North London Police Court yesterday.

Elizabeth Georgina Cohen, also a music-hall artist, was remanded on a charge of stealing a diamond brooch, two diamond rings, and about 16s. in cash.

The evidence showed that both artists assisted at a charity entertainment given at the Hackney Empire Music Hall, and that the dresser afterwards loaned the prisoner Miss Harmer's handbag in mistake.

Isabella Reynolds, who attended the prisoner at the performance, said that some days afterwards Cohen showed her the brooch, on which was the name of "Dolly" in diamonds and the rings, saying they were presents.

On a subsequent occasion the prisoner called on her, and told her there was trouble about the jewellery. They then concealed the brooch in the stem of a lamp, and the rings in a pin-cushion.

Afterwards she communicated with the police, and as a result the prisoner was arrested.

## BOUGHT FOR 2s.—SOLD FOR 15s.

Boswell's Note on a Little Volume Increases  
Its Value Thousands per Cent.

The most interesting "lot" offered yesterday in the first day's sale at Sotheby's of the huge library of the late Mr. John Scott, of Largs, was a copy of the Psalms of David, dated 1600, once the property of James Boswell, Dr. Johnson's biographer.

Boswell had written on the flyleaf: "I bought this for 2s. at Greenwich," and, after keen competition, the little volume, intrinsically worth only a few shillings, was knocked down for 15s.

The sale will last seven days, and the 20,000 volumes, in 3,523 lots, are expected to realise £20,000 to £30,000. A reserve price of £1,000 is placed upon the unrivalled collection of books on shipping.

Yesterday 300 lots were sold for about £1,000.

## HEIRLOOMS BURNT.

A valuable silver cup, about 200 years old, and a number of valuable family heirlooms have been considerably damaged in a fire on the premises of the Station Dining Rooms, Norbiton, a business carried on by Mr. and Mrs. J. Fun.

## GUARDING THE GREAT DIAMOND.

Armed Men Keep Watch Over the  
World's Record Gem.

### SECRET HIDING-PLACE.

In the basement of a City office, the address of which does not appear in the London Directory, reposes the "Cullinan" diamond, the largest and purest gem the earth has ever yielded.

This mestimably precious stone lies locked in a strong, iron-clamped box, and is additionally protected by a specially-constructed safe, of which the "Cullinan" is the sole occupant.

Every hour of the day and night relays of armed men—strangers to each other, keep guard with loaded six-chambered revolvers over the priceless thing of beauty.

Their instructions are simple and emphatic: "Keep your eye on the diamond." Each of the guardians conducts his vigil under a solemn sense of responsibility, being sworn to secrecy and silence.

When off duty the nature of his occupation must on no account be imparted to his most trusted friends of either sex.

The Daily Mirror yesterday was shown the locality of the diamond, on the strict understanding that its whereabouts should not be more precisely indicated than by the general direction—"a City office."

### Saving Burglars Temptation.

It would be perilous, says the officials of the Premier Diamond Mine, to let the "Cullinan" of the hiding-place be known at present, lest reckless burglars should be tempted to make a dash for it.

And on this point the underwriters are very insistent, since the stone is insured for £500,000. Its humble resting-place is to-day the most valuable cubic area in the world.

Within a few days the "Cullinan" will be removed to the guardianship of the "Old Lady of Threadneedle-street," and it is not improbable that later on the British public will have the gratification of seeing it on exhibition.

The proposal that the immense diamond, which in appearance resembles a block of the purest ice, should be purchased by public subscription as a present to King Edward is beginning to take active shape, and a committee may soon be formed to carry out the scheme. Johannesburgers are particularly enthusiastic.

The "Cullinan," which recent weighs 3,032 carats, or about a pound and a half avoirdupois—more than three times the weight of the Excelsior—would, of course, be too large for an honoured place in the King's crown, but it would enormously enhance the magnificence of the British regalia.

But a price would have to be fixed—no easy matter, the "Cullinan" being so immeasurably superior in size and quality to all its brilliant predecessors.

## WAITING FOR A THRONE.

Duke of Orleans Anticipates a Change of  
Regime in France.

PARIS, Monday.—The "Matin" publishes a letter from the Duke of Orleans, from Wood-Norton, Worcestershire.

The Duke, after discussing several French political questions of the day, says that a Republic in the State is a decapitated body. The popular instinct demands a single head. A King would give to the office of supreme magistracy dignity without loss of utility.

In conclusion the Duke says that time is working for his faithful ones. The number of disorderly Republicans who look forward to a change of regime is growing daily.

"I have only," he says, "one ambition—to serve my country. Let the hour marked by God come. I shall be ready."—Central News.

## £2,040 FOR £30 PLOT.

Revelations of War Office's Generosity with  
Public Funds.

The Auditor-General, in his report issued yesterday on the Military Works Act, complains of a number of cases "in each of which the value of the award has been largely in excess of the valuation."

He gives an instance of a piece of land bought by the War Office. This was valued at £30, an amount which the Irish Valuation Commissioners deemed reasonable.

The owner wanted £3,000, arbitrators failed to agree, an umpire awarded £2,387, which amount was reduced to £2,040.

A licence was asked for at Marlborough-street to permit Miss Geraldine Wilson, aged ten, to play in "A Man's Shadow" at His Majesty's Theatre. Counsel stated that the little girl had appeared in the same part before the King at Windsor.

## REMARKABLE COLLISION.

Twenty-seven Workmen Injured by an  
Engine's Freak.

A remarkable scene, attended by injuries to twenty-seven persons, was witnessed yesterday on the Great Western Railway at Saltash, in Cornwall.

Two hundred workmen, employed at the naval dockyard at Devonport, had taken their seats in a train which was drawn up alongside the down platform.

The engine of the train backed to couple up with the front van.

The driver applied the brake, but, according to all accounts, it failed to act, and the engine dashed violently into the carriages.

The first coach was smashed, and, in the first moments of terrified confusion, it was feared that there had been loss of life.

Fortunately this was not the case. Fourteen persons were, however, so seriously injured that medical aid was requisite. Thirteen others complained of slighter injuries.

## STAMPEDE IN A LIBRARY.

Boiler Explosion Causes Alarm Among  
Readers at the Patent Office.

Seekers after knowledge in the Patent Office library, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, received a rude shock yesterday.

The silence was suddenly broken by a loud explosion, crashing of glass, and tearing of timbers.

Some of the readers, frightened by the volumes of steam and smoke, rushed to the staircase, but, by the calm intervention of the clerks in attendance, order was speedily restored.

The cause of the explosion was the bursting of a boiler which was attached to the water-heating plant, and which was hurled a distance of ten feet. A door was also blown half way along a twenty-foot corridor.

Further damage was prevented by the prompt action of the engineer.

## FAVOURITE OF YEARS AGO.

Death of Miss Minnie Mario, of Old Drury  
Lane Pantomime Fame.

The older school of playgoers especially will regret to hear of the death of Miss Minnie Mario at her home in Brixton.

Nearly thirty years ago Miss Minnie Mario and her sister, Miss Dot Mario (who is also dead), used to take London by storm in the Drury Lane pantomimes.

Miss Minnie Mario played principal boy and her sister principal girl at the brilliant productions under the late Augustus Harris's management.

They appeared also at all the leading music-halls in sketches, and as Gretchen in the sketch "Rip Van Winkle" at the Middlesex Miss Minnie Mario made a great hit.

Miss Mario's funeral takes place to-morrow.

## NEARLY £6,000,000 IN CHANCERY

Huge Sums of Money to the Credit of Suitors  
in the Irish Supreme Court.

Some interesting particulars are given in a Parliamentary Paper issued yesterday as to the amounts of cash and securities standing to the credit of the accounts of suitors in the books of the Accountant-General of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Ireland.

The principal figures are:—

Chancery and Common Law	Cash	Securities.
Divisions accounts .....	£361,762	£4,208,261
Land Judge's accounts .....	147,046	448,436
Suitors, therefore, have standing to their credit a total amount in cash and securities of nearly £5,000,000.		

## MANCHESTER POLICE EXONERATED

The Manchester City Police administration has, it is understood, been exonerated from the charges made against it by Councillor Ross Clyne.

A special meeting of the watch committee was held yesterday to consider a report on the charges, which, it is stated, was to the effect that nothing was wrong and included an expression of confidence in the chief constable.

## SCHOOLBOYS AND JULES VERNE

An Amiens newspaper asks all the schoolboys and schoolgirls of France to contribute ten centimes each for the purchase of a tribute to the memory of Jules Verne.

Will English boys and girls do the same?

## MURDER BY MASKED BURGLARS.

Aged Manager Brutally Slain by  
Trio of Ruffians.

### DISGUISES AS CLUE.

A terrible crime still shrouded in mystery, was perpetrated by three masked burglars early yesterday morning at Mr. Chapman's oil and colour stores at 34, High-street, Deptford.

The manager, an old man named Farrow, was brutally done to death by the miscreants, who plundered the place, and who also attacked their victim's aged wife, leaving her in a state that renders her recovery almost hopeless.

The tragedy was discovered by the boy employed at the shop, who, when he arrived, at a quarter past eight, was surprised not to find Mr. Farrow waiting on the doorstep, smoking his usual early morning pipe.

Alarmed at discovering the premises still closed, the boy communicated with the neighbours, one of whom, looking through the letter-box, saw an overturned chair.

#### Neighbours' Discovery.

The neighbours and the boy then went round to the back, forced an entrance, and found Mr. Farrow suffering from terrible wounds, evidently inflicted on his head by a jemmy.

A party of police, under Superintendent Kitch and Detective-Inspector Hailstone, together with Dr. Burney, the divisional surgeon, speedily arrived, and it was then that Mrs. Farrow was found upstairs in bed, having been seriously injured about the head by the same weapon apparently that had been used against her husband.

Within a few minutes of the arrival of the police Mr. Farrow succumbed, and his wife, in a comatose condition, was removed to the Seamen's Hospital, with but faint hopes of surviving the murderous attack inflicted upon her.

That the motive of the crime was robbery there can be little doubt. The till had been emptied, and the whole place ransacked.

#### Three Masks Left.

In one of the rooms the police found three masks, composed of black stockette, which may have been made out of a woman's stocking.

Photographs were immediately taken of some finger-prints left, and from these further proof was furnished that three men were concerned in the crime.

Important testimony is also forthcoming from a milkman and his assistants.

At a quarter-past seven yesterday morning they saw two men leave the shop where the crime was committed.

They left the door open, but when the assistant drew their attention to the fact they immediately turned back and closed it, walking hurriedly away in the direction of New Cross-road.


Here is the best description available of the two men:—

- (1) Age between twenty-five and thirty. 5ft. 6in. to 5ft. 7in. in height. Had round face, dark moustache, and wore a hard felt hat and a blue serge jacket, the collar of which was turned up. He had on a white collar, suggesting he was not a member of the "muffer brigade."
- (2) Age about twenty-four. 5ft. 6in. to 5ft. 6in. in height. Light brown hair. Dressed in rather shabby brown jacket suit, grey cap, and brown boots.

Nothing, of course, has since been heard of these two men.

#### ACTRESS AS MONEYLENDER.

Large sums of money were lent to Mr. Edward Blanchard Eccles by an actress, Miss Alice Calcott. In the King's Bench yesterday Miss Calcott recovered £7,976 and costs. Mr. Eccles had pleaded that the money had been advanced to him to carry on a bookmaker's business.



A pure undiluted food.

## ONE CUP of PLASMON Cocoa

contains more Nutrient than 3-lb. Beef, or ten cups of ordinary Cocoa, and is free from chemicals.

Aids Digestion.  
Braces the Nerves.

## "PAYING GUEST."

Detective Watches Love Affair in a  
Doctor's House.

The detective "paying guest," who is said to have discovered guilty relations between Dr. Bullivant, respondent in the medical divorce case now before the president, and Mrs. Aphroph, the wife of a former partner, gave evidence yesterday.

He declared that he went into Dr. Aphroph's house as a paying guest at five guineas a week.

When Dr. Aphroph was away from home he, the paying guest, had seen Dr. Bullivant visit Mrs. Aphroph.

How association with parrots can corrupt good manners was described by Mrs. Bullivant's mother. Dr. Bullivant, she said, was one day playing with a parrot when he was told to be careful or the bird might bite.

"Oh, put your head in a swill-tub with your heels up," was said to have been the doctor's very elegant retort to his wife and mother-in-law.

The case was adjourned.

### DISCREDITED CASH.

How Chinese Coinage Officials Augment  
Their Wretched Salaries.

So wretchedly paid are the Chinese Mint officials that, according to a Reuter Shanghai telegram, the provincial mints are issuing an unlimited amount of debased copper coinage—the officials hoping to secure thereby a profit of hundreds of thousands of pounds.

The particular coin in question is the ten-cash piece, a new coin, very like a halfpenny. An official of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation informed the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that as all retail transactions are made in cash the results might be serious, but would not affect foreign commerce much. Wages and standard prices might have to be raised, perhaps.

### WATCHING A SUICIDE.

Man's Life Saved by a Next-door Neighbour's  
Friendly Vigilance.

How a man's next-door neighbour watched his preparations for suicide was the plot of a strange story told at Brentford yesterday, when Julius Barton was charged with attempting to hang himself.

Edwin Colley, the neighbour, said that Barton came to him on Saturday night, chatted for a while, and then shook hands, saying that it was for the last time.

Turning the gas down to make believe he had gone to bed Colley crept out into the garden, where he watched. He saw Barton get a box and a rope, which he fastened to a beam in the scullery. After carefully testing it he stood on the box and made a noose.

Anxious to prevent a tragedy, Colley made his way in, and called on Barton to "be a man."

Then, while Barton turned the gas out and bolted the door, he went to fetch a policeman.

When he returned with one they found Barton swinging to and fro, unconscious. In his struggles he had kicked the window-frame out.

They quickly cut him down, and he recovered, but his first words were, "Why didn't you let me finish it? My head is so bad."

Barton was remanded for medical examination.

### LUNATICS AND BUSINESS.

Uncertified Madman's Strange Act Told by a  
Master in Lunacy.

"I cannot say that the law is adequate to protect lunatics who are not certified as such," said Mr. T. H. Fischer, K.C., one of the Masters in Lunacy, giving evidence before the Royal Commission on the Care and Control of the Feeble-minded yesterday.

"Now and again," continued Mr. Fischer, "it is necessary to step in. I had a case recently where a man bought some land for £600 or £700, and agreed to pay a ground rent of £1,000 a year, leaving his wife and children starving. Of course, I had to prevent it."

About £30, properly, or anything which the ingenuity of lawyers or the temper of clients ran it to was, said Mr. Fischer, the cost of certifying a person to be a lunatic.

It was very desirable that weak-minded persons should not marry, but how they were to be prevented, except by Act of Parliament, he did not know. It was a serious question to interfere with the rights of men and women to marry.

### WORLD-WALKER RELEASED.

Calvert Marcella, the Manxman, may yet be able to win his wager of £1,000 by walking round the world in 200 days.

Arrested for setting his dog on a boy at Ponders End, he was yesterday fined 2s. 6d. and released. Not being allowed to carry any money under the conditions of the wager, the fine was paid by public subscription.

## JUDGE'S JESTS ON MUSICAL COMEDY.

Mr. Justice Darling Adds to the  
Gaiety of Nations.

### HOW PLAYS ARE MADE.

Mr. George Edwardes does not like babies—in plays.

He was asked yesterday, in the course of the fourth day's hearing of the lawsuit-theatrical entertainment in which he is defendant, to put his finger on the weak spots in "The Hanjiah," the musical comedy he is alleged to have misappropriated.

His answer was: "I did not like the baby which was perambulating in the second act. I don't like babies in plays." (Loud laughter not unmixed with a little indignation among the numerous fair ladies with whom the court was packed.)

But Ashu, Mr. Edwardes does not care about a baby in a musical play, his sentiments are quite different with regard to a babu.

He denied emphatically that Captain Fraser, the author of "The Hanjiah," suggested the Cingalese babu to him. If the captain had said "babu," Mr. Edwardes declared, he (Mr. Edwardes) would have said, "That is just the thing I want."

#### Peevish Heroine.

Besides the baby there were other defects in "The Hanjiah," according to Mr. Edwardes.

There was a peevish, unsympathetic heroine, Ashu, instead of the sympathetic heroines that Mr. Tanner, the author of "The Cingalese," portrays.

Moreover, Ashu was a young lady who wished to go into a harem, and Mr. Edwardes did not approve of such young ladies—even in musical comedies. The piece, too, lacked humour.

Yet, when Captain Fraser was told to consult Mr. Tanner as a collaborator who would supply humour the captain demurred. He "messed about," and only consented to having a collaborator when he was starting for India, and could not collaborate.

"When I asked him to see Mr. Tanner," said Mr. Edwardes, "he said he would see his solicitor. He was always talking about solicitors." (Gratified laughter among the lawyers.)

That there were merits in the "The Hanjiah," Mr. Edwardes said he was ready to admit.

Three of the lyrics were very good. "Isn't that a charming lyric?" he remarked as the Judge perused a song called "Kismet."

#### Moods of "East and West."

Mr. Justice Darling smiled, but not at "Kismet." He smiled at a suggestion he was about to make.

Mr. Edwardes had said that Eastern plays alternated with Western at Daly's. "The Cingalese" was going to be followed by a French piece. Then there would be another Eastern piece.

"Why not produce 'The Hanjiah' as the next Eastern play," inquired the Judge, "as it differs from 'The Cingalese'?"

Mr. Edwardes: I have no personal objection.

A discussion between Judge, counsel, and witness on originality in musical play and plays in general led to a revelation.

Mr. Edwardes was suddenly asked by the Judge whether he had ever seen a real Cingalese play. Without a moment's hesitation, he replied that the Duchess of Dantzic could claim this distinction on account of the washing bill incident.

Pursuing his investigations into originality, the Judge pointed out that a distinguished comedian usually was fated to be thrown into a lake or river when appearing in musical comedy.

The case was adjourned.

### NEVER CAME BACK TO TEA.

Grocer Elopses with His Seventeen-Year-Old  
Servant Girl.

A tall, fair, well-dressed young lady yesterday applied to the Manchester stipendiary for a warrant for the arrest of Robert Owen, formerly a Prestwich grocer, on a charge of abducting her sister, Lilian Blomley.

She said that, after selling his business, he drove his wife to a relative's, and then eloped with the girl Lilian, who had been in his service, and was only seventeen.

Lilian sent a telegram saying they would be back to tea, but instead came a letter saying they loved each other, and had gone away. A warrant was issued, but the couple are believed to be abroad.

### NOT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"We don't want arguments over and over again, the same as they have in the House of Commons. Once is quite enough here, and especially considering the congested state of the business of this court," said Judge Edge at Clerkenwell County Court yesterday, to a solicitor, who showed a tendency to travel over the same ground a second time.

## BURNING A WILL.

Dramatic Scene at the Bedside of a  
Dying Man.

Dramatic indeed was the mental picture drawn in simple language by a witness in a will case yesterday, and it brought the atmosphere of a sensational serial story into the dry interior of the Probate Court.

The application before Mr. Justice Bagnave Deane was to prove in solemn form the draft of the will of Mr. Isaac Valentine, of Baintree, Essex, and Miss Kate Jane Valentine, his granddaughter, told how the will had been destroyed.

The trouble arose, she said, through her father's last temper. He was angry because he was only to have a life interest in property he wished to own absolutely, but which was to revert under the will to her and her brothers.

The will was kept in the bedroom. Just before her grandfather died she was sitting with him and her father came in. There was a quarrel, but her grandfather refused to alter the will. Her father took it, tore it in pieces, and threw them on the fire, where they were burnt.

"That does not matter," said her grandfather. "Mr. Conington (the solicitor who drew the will) has a draft."

Mr. Justice Deane granted probate of the draft, and said: "Mr. Valentine must pay the costs, so far as I see he has rendered himself liable to prosecution for felony."

### DOG'S CONTEMPT OF COURT.

County Court Judge Turns a Canine Pet Out  
of the Witness Box.

Judge Bacon had a new experience in Bloomsbury County Court yesterday. He turned out a pet dog which appeared in the witness-box with its mistress.

Miss Milla Sharpet, trading as Mlle. Milena in Baker-street, was suing Mrs. Julia Clark, in business as a "face specialist," in New Bond-street, under the style of Mme. de Medici, for £6 1s. 6d. for two hats.

When "Mme. de Medici," the defendant, was called, she stood with her white-gloved hands before her on the box, evidently concealing something.

"What have you got there?" said Judge Bacon. Madame lifted her hands and displayed a little black dog nestling against her on the ledge. Speaking with a pronounced American accent, she "guessed" she had had the dog in court all the time.

Judge Bacon (smiling): I don't allow dogs in court. Somebody must take it out.

As the small dog resented the advances of the usher, a friend of the lady solved the difficulty by carrying it out of court. Upon this Madame began a fervid address to his Honour.

Judge Bacon: You must not address me. You have a solicitor; you will do that. You are not in the United States.

Judgment was given for the plaintiff for one hat, £3 3s.

### ELECTRIC TRUST.

Counsel's Warning Against a Possible Huge  
Monopoly in Current.

One of the chief objections urged in the House of Lords yesterday by Mr. Ralph Neville, K.C., against the five million scheme to supply electricity power in London and large areas in Kent, Surrey, and Essex, was that it would lead to the creation of a great trust.

It was, he said, anticipated by the promoters that they would induce present companies and local authorities to abandon their generating stations because they could buy electricity cheaper than they could generate it.

The moment that happened they would be in the hands of the promoters.

The promoting company would be turned into a huge trust for the whole of London, which has squeezed out all its competitors as generators and was the only source of electrical supply in the metropolis.

## Keep the Blood Pure

And the Health of the System will follow.

THE BLOOD being the source from which our systems are built up, it is important that it should be kept pure. If you suffer from any Skin or Blood Disease, such as ECZEMA, SCROFULA, SCURVY, BAD LEGS, BLOOD POISON, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, BOILS, PIMPLES, etc., you should test the value of

## CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

The World-Famed Blood Purifier.

Of all Chemists. Beware of Imitations.

## YOUNG ARTISTS' DAY OF FATE.

Judges at the Royal Academy Begin Their Annual Task.

## "SENDING IN" HUMOURS.

It was "sending-in day" at Burlington House yesterday, and countless specimens of modern art were handled by anæsthetic van-men in the pouring rain in a manner calculated to send cold shivers down the spine of the artistic onlooker.

Scores of vans drove up to the Burlington Gardens entrance of the Royal Academy, forming long queues down the adjacent streets.

Over the tail-boards of these vans men in aprons and shirt sleeves dexterously coaxed large canvases in gorgeous frames, and hustled them across the pavement into the friendly shelter of the Academy.

### Impartial Raindrops.

Rain fell on browsing Highland cattle and Alpine flowers, on historic sea-fights and gay cavaliers, on portly and distinguished citizens whose figures may not adorn the walls of the Academy, but will certainly enhance the dignity and magnificence of sundry town halls. But the vanmen heeded the rain as little as did the canvas cavaliers and provincial mayors, and the pictures less than the rain.

Occasionally an artist came with the van, or, breathless after it, as if for the sake of appearance he had dropped off the tail-board at the corner of the street, but for the most part the pictures arrived alone, confident in their ability to break unaided into the sacred circle of the Academy.

### Ladies Who Walked All the Way.

Several times during the morning a tender-hearted lady artist arrived with a precious little canvas tucked under her waterproof cape. Wet umbrellas and mud-spattered boots showed that for such the expense of a cab was out of the question, and the perils of an omnibus were not to be risked.

To evade possible injury to their treasures from careless hands they had tramped from Hampstead and Chelsea studios through the fog and rain, happy in the belief that the judges would find a corner for their works.

And over all this potential wealth three portentously solemn policemen in dripping capes watched while the judges in conclave within decided, swiftly and irrevocably, the fate of each picture.

## "THE LATEST WORD."

Phenomenal Demand for the Great Encyclopædia Obtainable at 3d. a Day.

There seems every probability that the vast second edition of the first fortnightly part of "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" will prove altogether insufficient to meet the unprecedented demand for this great work of reference.

Repeat orders are pouring in upon the publishers, and the interest shown in this cheapest and most up-to-date encyclopædia is increasing every day.

This is due, on the one hand, to the fact that "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" is the only work of its kind which gives the latest word upon every subject under the sun, and on the other to its unprecedented cheapness.

Each fortnightly part costs sevenpence. This means that for one halfpenny per day the purchaser secures a work containing 6,400 pages, and giving the latest expert information on some 50,000 different subjects.

The only way to make sure of securing the complete work is to at once place an order with the newsagent for the regular delivery of the fortnightly parts. The first part is now on sale again everywhere.

BUY A COPY NOW.

PART I. The

HARMSWORTH  
ENCYCLOPEDIA

MAY BE OBTAINED  
TO-DAY. PRICE 7d.

Prevent future disappointment by  
ordering the 40 Parts, 7d. each.  
Published Fortnightly. Total Cost, 23/4.

## INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

A Bactrian or two-humped camel has just been born in the Zoo.

By 1,034 votes to 286 Fulham shopkeepers have decided against the adoption of the Shop Hours Act.

Cyfartha works, the famous steel establishment of Messrs. Guest, Keen, and Nettelfolds, is, after a long period of depression, working seven days a week.

Taking in babies to nurse at a charge of 7d. per day up to the last Jane Finch, aged seventy-seven, was found dead in her bed at 18, Whitaker-street, Fimlico.

In thirteen years the Jews in Cape Colony have increased from 3,007 to 19,509. The census returns just published show that in the same period the Christians have increased from 364,509 to 548,027.

The will of Mr. Joseph Hoyle, a grocer, of Rawtenstall, Lanes., who, because of his strong temperance convictions, voluntarily surrendered an office worth £500, has just been proved at £1,340 net.

Leaving estate valued at £76,949, Mrs. Margaret Slagge, of Sirk Holme, Sheffield, bequeathed £50, six chairs, and a sewing-machine to her maid, Elizabeth Stock, and various sums of £5 and upwards to other servants.

A three-year-old child is canvassing for her father, who is a district council candidate in Mid-Glamorgan. At each house the mother says, "The little one has something to tell you," whereupon the youngster asks, "Please will you vote for my papa?"

"Chaplain to Will Crooks, M.P.," is the self-styled appellation of the Rev. Tom B. Collings, who has promised to preside at a Labour meeting in Lambeth.

At the funeral of a Salvation Army lady "major" at Manchester two tramcars were specially hired for the conveyance part of the way to the cemetery of 160 Salvationists.

Mr. G. B. Wieland, chairman of the North British Railway Company, who was on his way home from a holiday in Egypt, died from bronchitis at the Cap Martin Hotel, Mentone.

An effort to trace the thermal waters of Matlock Bath to their source is being made by the Derbyshire Exploration Society. The spring yields 400,000 gallons a day at a temperature of 68deg. Fahr.

Exclaiming that he had been "sent to save the people," Captain Salwey, R.N., disturbed the celebration of mass in a church at Kinsale. Captain Salwey is a street preacher, and was formerly in the coastguard service.

A rare disease, known as hemorrhagic inflammation of the pancreas, caused the death of a London baker, Gottlieb Vollman, staying in Brighton for the benefit of his health. The doctor who gave evidence said Vollman was the heaviest man he had ever seen.

More trouble has been caused at Worktop by mysterious vagaries of electricity, said to be earth currents. Incandescent lamps suddenly glow with great brilliancy, then fade, and glow again; fuses are destroyed and lamps broken. Many shops have had to fall back on candle light.

## GREAT ANGLING COMPETITION ON THE LEA.



The second struggle on the Lea for the remaining prizes offered on behalf of the Anglers' Benevolent Society. On the first day of this competition a thousand anglers competed, and they stretched along eight miles of the Lea from Epsombourne to Hertford.

Lord Selborne left Dover yesterday for the Continent, via Calais.

Cyclists were cautioned by a coroner's jury at Burgess Hill, Sussex, against riding in hot weather with only a small cap as headwear.

A postcard has been delivered at Esher after occupying six months in getting from Claygate, one mile distant. It bears sixteen postmarks.

Unconscious for over a fortnight as the result of a bicycle accident, John Morris, a clerk, lies in West Bromwich Hospital in a precarious condition.

Poisoned by the dye from her stocking entering the flesh at a sore heel, Jane Riley, aged sixty-five, of St. John's-road, Hoxton, died in the infirmary.

The Marriage With a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill will be moved for second reading on April 7. Mr. Griffith-Boscawen has undertaken to move its rejection.

On account of the measles epidemic the sixty-eight Sunday-schools of Nottingham were closed on Sunday. The total number of their scholars is 15,000. Since January 1, 200 deaths from measles have occurred in the city.

"Tea consumption is at a standstill. Dealers are hanging upon the Budget," said the chairman at a meeting of the Nahalma Tea Estate Company. He held that lack of expansion in temperance drinks was a bad thing for the nation.

Numbers of copies of the "War Cry" and other Salvation Army literature have been sent to Colonel Roussel, the French officer who accompanied General Booth to Jerusalem, and who has been left there to raise the army banner in the Holy Land.

For breaking insulators by throwing stones at the telegraph poles, four boys were fined 15s. 6d. each at Croydon yesterday.

Raynes Park has in vain demanded a school for the last three years. There are over 900 children and no school in the neighbourhood.

For stabbing John Ruby in the head with a hat-pin Alice Parsons were sentenced to two months' hard labour at the Thames Police Court yesterday.

Formerly Spanish Ambassador to England, the Duke of Mandas is lying seriously ill at San Sebastian. His wife left London yesterday to nurse him.

For having a scale and nine weights in his possession unstamped for purposes of trade, a Bexhill surgeon—R. H. Raines, M.R.C.S.—was fined £1 and costs. The scales were used in dispensing mixtures for his patients.

How short the Militia is of officers is shown by the fact that the 3rd East Lancashire is minus three captains and thirteen subalterns and the 4th Royal Lancasters require three captains, five lieutenants, and two second-lieutenants.

During the Torrey-Alexander mission at the Albert Hall, which comes to an end to-morrow night, 697,500 persons have attended, 6,000 in all have been made by worshippers, and in all eighty-nine meetings have been held.

To-day the question of the right of Merthyr parish to a Charter of Incorporation, which has been the subject of repeated applications since 1897, again comes up before a Committee of the Lords. Many lawyers and witnesses have journeyed to town from Wales.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal

Photographs in To-day's

"Daily Mirror."

## ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

### FRENCH RACEHORSE ARRIVES.

So little has been heard about Bacheron, the French horse that is to run in the Grand National Steeplechase, that to many the news of the fact that there will be a French competitor will come as a surprise.

But, as our photograph on page 8 shows, the French horse has arrived on English soil, and, though his chances of winning over the Lanks, the course are thought to be slight, all sportsmen join in wishing good fortune to his plucky owner.

### CHRISTENING A MOTOR-BOAT.

Few countries can boast of such a courageous sportsman as Mme. du Gast. All the world heard of her when, the only female competitor, she drove a motor-car in that terrible Paris-to-Madrid race, but even before that her pluck had caused her to be well known in France.

Now she has bought a motor-boat, which she intends to steer in the international race at Monaco, and our photograph on page 8 shows the ceremony, somewhat strange to English notions, of the boat being christened over the Lanks of the Seine by Canon Dimont, a Parisian churchman. Mme. du Gast herself is watching the ceremony, and the man beside her is Count Balay d'Avricourt, who attended as the representative of the Prince of Monaco.

### EFFECT OF 11-INCH SHELLS.

Much has been heard of the terrible effects of the heavy guns used by the Japanese during the siege of Port Arthur, but seldom has more convincing proof of their power been given than that shown in the photograph of the Russian Chinese Bank which appears on page 8. Fired from several miles' range, these monster projectiles have rent the walls of the building as though they were of paper, and on exploding inside the bank they utterly wrecked it.

### CHINESE GOLF CADDIE.

Turning from the horrors of present-day life in the Far East to its more humorous aspect, we have an amusing photograph of a Chinese caddie on page 9. The English officers at Wei-hai-wei, which is not far from Port Arthur, have laid out a golf course, and the fascination of the game has quite overcome the Chinese youngsters employed as caddies. In various places they are to be found, armed with imitation golf sticks they have fashioned for themselves, making attempts to drive and putt golf balls which players have mysteriously lost.

The caddie who figures in this photograph was "snapped" while practising in the streets of the town.

### DAM THAT COST £2,440,000.

Much interest has recently been aroused in the great Assouan dam, built across the Nile at a cost of nearly two and a half million pounds, a model of which appears in our photograph on page 8 and 9. It was proposed to make the dam higher so that it could keep back a greater volume of water, but the latest investigations into the question of the effects of the strain put upon a dam by the weight of water caused the engineers to hesitate. Obviously it was impossible to run the slightest risk of wrecking such an enormous undertaking, the consequences of which would be too terrible to contemplate.

The question as to whether it should be raised has now been shelved, for the engineers have found that the water forcing its way through the sluices of the dam has dug great holes, in some instances 24ft. deep, in the bed of the river below the dam. To ensure its stability these will have to be filled in with concrete, a work which will take two years to complete.

## "LYONISING" A RAILWAY.

Quick Change in the Catering Department of the S.E. and C.R.

"Lyonising" a railway is a quick operation even in these "hustling" days. The feat just accomplished by Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., the well-known caterers, is remarkable. In the short space of thirty-six hours they have taken over the refreshment departments of ten of the South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover Railway Company's stations.

Late on Saturday night van after van of the firm drew up in front of Ludgate-hill, St. Paul's, Victoria, and other stations along the line as far distant as the Crystal Palace and Farnham.

Pots, pans, cutlery, and the thousand other appurtenances of the restaurant business, all bearing the name of the railway, were substituted for those of the late caterers.

In the course of a few weeks twenty-two stations will be under the control of Messrs. Lyons, and the public will be able to obtain everything from a table d'hôte lunch to a cup of coffee.

## NOTICE TO READERS.

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## Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1905

## PROMOTION BY MERIT.

POSSIBLY the "boycotting" of the able officer who was a few months ago appointed second in command of the 8rd Dragon Guards may be exaggerated; but there seems little doubt that the other officers of the regiment resent his being promoted over the heads of the three majors who are all senior to him.

Nor is it wonderful that this should be so. That promotion should depend on merit is altogether a new idea in the British Army, as indeed it is in most other of our institutions. The old comfortable plan of going up the ladder in order of length of service without (as Lord Palmerston once said with reference to the Order of the Garter) "any d—d nonsense of merit about it," is still dear to our minds. We cannot help feeling injured when some one younger, cleverer, more modern-minded is put over our heads.

Still, if the Army is ever to be of any use in modern warfare, promotion by merit without any regard to people's feelings is the only possible system. Furthermore, entrance to the ranks of officers must be governed by merit as well. Our aristocratic caste of officers has served Britain very well in the past, but its day is over. We have got to bring ourselves up-to-date.

"The Japanese Army," said Marshal Oyama, the conqueror at Mukden, in the course of the interesting remarks he made to a correspondent about the last great battle, "the Japanese Army is composed of all classes of society." That is one of the secrets of Japan's triumph.

The British Army, on the other hand, is composed only of two classes. The class which cannot get anything else to do enlists in the ranks. The class which has no need to get anything to do supplies the officers. What we need is a levelling-up from below and a levelling-down from above.

Both officers and privates ought to be the pick of the nation's manhood; or, better still, the whole of the manhood of the nation ought to pass through the Army. Then we should have a reasonable expectation of hearing the general who commands in our next war say, as Marshal Oyama has said, "Our Army has fully realised all our hopes."

## TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY.

"We Germans," said the Emperor Wilhelm the other day, "are the salt of the earth." Yet there is apparently one relation in life in which—wonderful to relate—the Kaiser does not consider Germans supreme.

"Englishmen," he told a Spanish dancer who was in Berlin and is now in London, "make the best husbands." The compliment brings to our cheek the blush of honest pride. For surely the best husbands are also the best men. A man who can live up to or anywhere near the ideals of his wife must be capable of success in any direction.

One other opinion of the Kaiser's we should very much like to probe. Does he hold the corollary of his proposition to be true also? Has he any explanation of the fact that Englishmen make the best husbands? Would he say that it was because Englishwomen make the best wives?

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If every just man who now pines with want Had but a moderate and besecming share Of that which dead, pampered luxury Now heaps upon some few with vast excess, Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed.  
—Milton.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

ONCE more the Princess of Wales has shown her love and tenderness for children by the gift of a piano to the Children's Happy Evenings Association, of which she is president. This is the third piano she has given. All her life she has been devoted to children, and before her marriage she spent many happy hours in the nursery of Sheen Lodge with the Duchess of Fife's children. Many stories are told of her goodness, and in Richmond they tell of her visits to a dying cripple boy, with whom she sat day after day read-

ing and chatting and doing her best to make his last days brighter. \* \* \*

Sicily is in a state of great excitement over the German Empress's visit, although the stay is to be a very quiet one. The reason of the quietness, as well as of the visit, is the health of Prince Eitel Fritz, who has been indisposed for some time. The Hotel Timeo, at Taormina, has been taken, and though it has been extensively redecorated, the royal visitors are to be treated only as ordinary foreigners.

None the less, special military guards have been ordered to the town, and instead of the ten men who usually patrol Taormina there are now seventy. A company of 100 picked men form the Emperor's guard of honour, and a battery of artillery have temporary barracks in a church. The beautiful but sleepy little town is quite transformed. The view of snow-capped Etna and the beautiful coastline towards Catania across the bay is as peaceful as ever, but the military and numbers of visitors have roused Taormina to unusual life.

No doubt the Sultan of Morocco, who deputed Sir Harry Maclean to receive the Kaiser at Tangier, was quite sincere in his expressions of regret at being unable to be there himself. Probably nothing would please the Sultan better than to meet the Kaiser. Anything European is his ideal, and the Kaiser is certainly typically modern. This taste for modernity in the Sultan has done much to make him unpopular in Morocco. His people do not look with favour upon the endless string of packing-cases from Europe, which bring bicycles, motor-cars, musical-boxes, Thames rowing-boats, biographs, balloons, and even mechanical toys.

Kaid Sir Harry Maclean is one of the few "soldiers of fortune" still to be found. A Scotchman, he started life in the English Army, and then found employment in the Moorish army, with the result that in a few years he was in command of an army of 40,000, and has served Morocco for nearly thirty years now. He has, at the same time, served England, as his English knighthood sh. ws. Though he is very much a Moor nowadays, he is still more a Scot, and has even introduced the bagpipes into Morocco, where they are not in the least appreciated except by himself.

Miss Giulia Ravogli—there is no need to call her Signora nowadays, for, though she is Italian by birth, she has lived in London for years—is to revive her great success of "Orfeo," at the new Waldorf. It is good news indeed, for her performance in "Orfeo" did much to win her position as a singer of the first rank. Her debut in London was made in that character, and for five years she appeared in grand opera at Covent Garden, but, strangely enough, has not done so since the death of Sir Augustus Harris.

She and her sister Sofia, who has now almost retired from concert work, are devoted to each other, and have lived together all their lives. All their tastes are in common. They fish, play tennis and golf, cycle and row together, and even share their affection for a beloved little Pomeranian dog. Sofia has, however, the additional gift of painting, though she takes second place to her sister as a singer.

The cosmopolitan novelist, journalist, and traveller, Mr. William Le Queux, has been having another adventure, though, for him, only a slight one. While riding in a tramcar in Florence, where, by the way, he usually lives now, he collared a pickpocket who had his hand in his pocket, marched him off to the police station, and saw him locked up. When the case came on the novelist most characteristically begged for an exemplary sentence on the ground that the pickpocket was unskilful, a defect which he might have remedied, he said, if he had read his novels.

Mr. Le Queux's novels certainly do show a knowledge of criminal life, she do of most other kinds of life. Considering that he has knocked about every odd corner of Europe, not to mention Asia and Africa, for the last twenty years, it would be strange if they did not. He started as an art student in Paris, gave that up and started travelling. Then he became a journalist, and continued to travel. Born in London of a French father and an English mother, and educated partly in Italy, no wonder he can talk most European languages and is at home everywhere.

I have been in correspondence with Dr. Torrey about the challenge to him which appeared last week. I am sorry to find that he thinks he was unfairly treated because the writer of the letter did not give his name and address for publication. He tells me it is his rule never to answer anonymous statements, and therefore he is taking no notice of this. That, of course, is quite an intelligible attitude. I can only regret that Dr. Torrey should consider the publication of the challenge unfair to him, and assure him that the *Daily Mirror* only desired to serve the interests of truth.

## IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 27.—A tortoise-shell butterfly was flitting through my garden yesterday. But its career was ruthlessly cut short by a toad, who pounced down on it from a neighbouring bush.

Another sign of the advancing year is that bats are already to be seen on warm evenings darting to and fro in their furtive, frightened way. Every one's hands are full of daffodils in the country now. The meadows are ablaze with them. In the garden hundreds of lovely trumpet and adonis are in full days the beautiful short-cupped varieties will begin to flower.

Although it will be some time before the common yellow cowslips appear, the coloured ones are blooming splendidly. Surely the year brings hardly a flower with a sweeter scent. E. F. T.

## HULLO! IS THAT THE TSAR OF RUSSIA?



Day by day the rumours of an approaching end to the war grow more and more confident. Peace plucks up hope. She is only waiting for a word from the Tsar.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Sir William Howard Russell.

HE is the oldest and most famous of war correspondents, and yet to-day he celebrates his eighty-fifth birthday. The hard life he has led and the many memorable events he has seen have not prevented him living beyond the allotted span.

If he was not quite the first war correspondent, he was quite the first to rise to fame. He has seen the war correspondent overcome prejudice and distrust and achieve more and more until he now does more work under restriction.

It is fifty-five years since he first went to Schleswig-Holstein as the "Times" correspondent in the Danish war. A few years later he was penning dispatches from the Crimea. Hardly had the echoes of that war died away when he was in the thick of the Indian Mutiny. Then came the American, Austro-Prussian, and Franco-German wars. Other wars of less importance have claimed him since.

As a life of adventure and activity his record cannot be equalled.

Honours have poured upon him, too. When the King went to India as Prince of Wales, in 1875, the famous war correspondent went with him as Honorary Private Secretary, and a friendship was begun which has lasted ever since.

Ten years ago he was given a knighthood as some small recognition of the services he had done his country.

There will be much waiting in the West Country for Mr. L. C. H. Palatit to leave Taunton for Derbyshire, which means no more cricket for Somersetshire. He is one of those born cricketers who are always such a joy to watch, either batting or fielding, a distinction he shares with his brother, H. C. N. Palatit. But cricket is not his only game, though he captained his school, Repton, for two years, and then did the same for Oxford University, before he joined Somerset. He plays an excellent game of billiards, is a good shot, and once ran three miles for Oxford against Cambridge.

## WHEELS OE EMPIRE.

The Men of the Submarine.

"A L L'S well?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"  
The Submarine sinks without sound—as a shark sinks, banefully eyeing those leaning over a ship's rail. The grey waters creep up over the steel back as she drops down, carrying a handful of the bravest men in the world with her.

In a few seconds only a wet shoulder, sliding silently like the back of a fish, and the stark periscope betray her.

It is greenly livid, the light in which the Men of the Submarine labour; green and pallid and ghostly. The voice of the engine latters the silence—and the nerves of the weak. But the Men of the Submarine are not weak.

It creeps through the secret undersea like a half-blind watersnake, rubbing shoulders with Destruction—and there is one, subtler than serpents, who gathers himself together and watches the gliding back. This one is Death.

The Submarine goes on—out to the deep waters; fainter and fainter grows the outline of the gaunt periscope. It fades out and is gone. You cannot see it from the land.

The Men of the Submarine are out there all alone. If a little mishap is born among the whirling wheels, the impatient machinery—

But they are unappalled.  
They have become accustomed to the cramped, hot, and tiny alleys and tubes and holes—they crouch almost comfortably.

The torpedoes seem to slumber in their tubes—in their dark lairs. They are waiting until their time is at hand.

So the Submarine journeys out. We, straining our vision ashore, can see her no more.

She is out there—where, in that great, gaunt, restless waste, Death knows and the Sea knows. And these keep ever their own counsel.

The Submarine has gone out to her work. She may return anon; she may return—never.  
She has crept into the Hand of God.

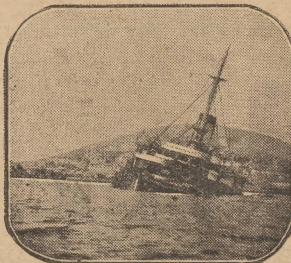
BERTRAM ATKLEY.

# PICTURES OF THE DAYS

RUSSIAN BANK AND SHIPS WRECKED BY JAPANESE SHELLS.



The terrible effect of the eleven-inch shells of the Japanese may be judged from this photograph, which shows the state of the Russian Chinese Bank after the siege of Port Arthur was over.

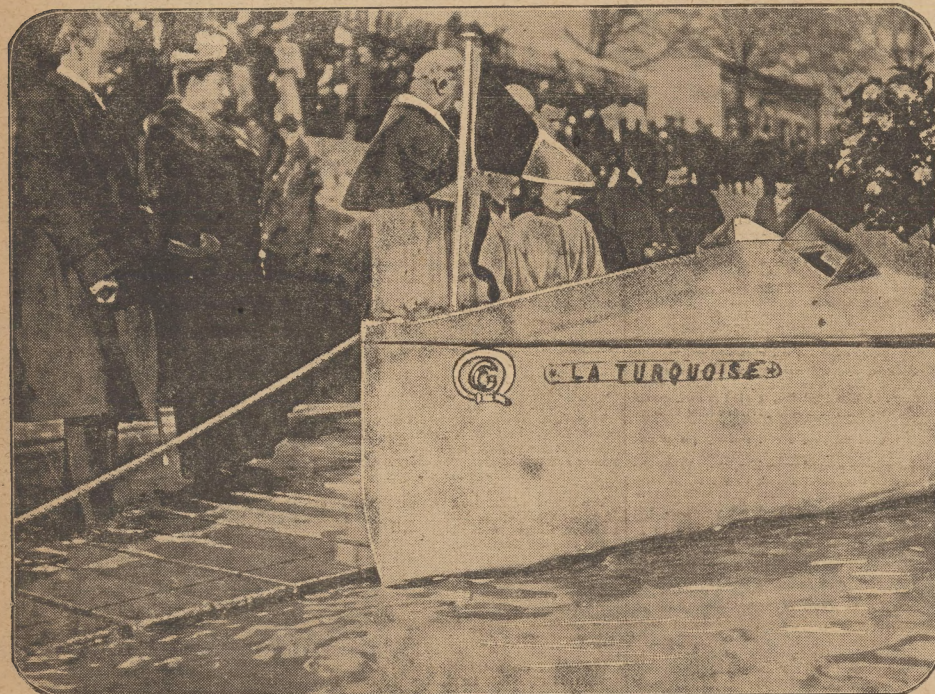


The Russian cruiser Pallada, sunk in Port Arthur Harbour by the heavy guns of the Japanese.



The Russian torpedo-boat Giliach, sunk by Japanese shells near the entrance to Port Arthur.

BAPTISING A FRENCH LADY'S RACING MOTOR-BOAT.



A strange sight in Paris—Canon Dumont christening La Turquoise, a racing motor-boat, bought by Mme. du Gast, the lady appearing in the photograph, who intends to steer it in the Monaco races. Mme. du Gast is the famous sportswoman who drove a motor-car in the Paris to Madrid race.

MODEL OF THE GREAT DAM



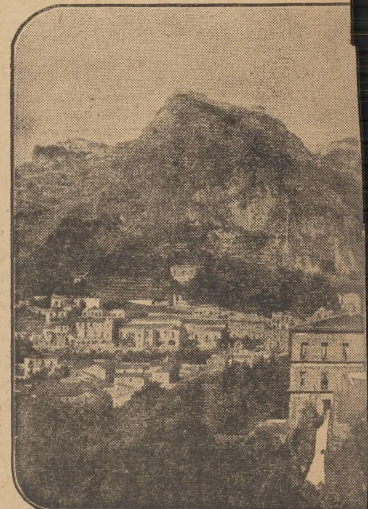
This is a model of the great dam across the Nile, which has been the subject of much discussion. It was proposed to raise it several feet upon the masonry, this scheme being the latest.

FRENCH HORSE FOR THE C



Bucheron, Count Songeon's candidate for the presidency of the French Republic.

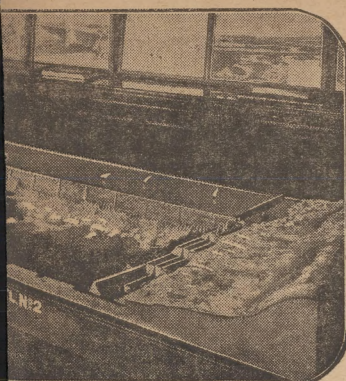
GERMAN EMPRESS'S VISIT



The German Empress has arrived in Sicily, and will stay for some time at the Timeo Hotel, Taormina, near the base of the crowned volcano Etna and the bay of Taormina.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE

# AT ASSOUAN DAM.



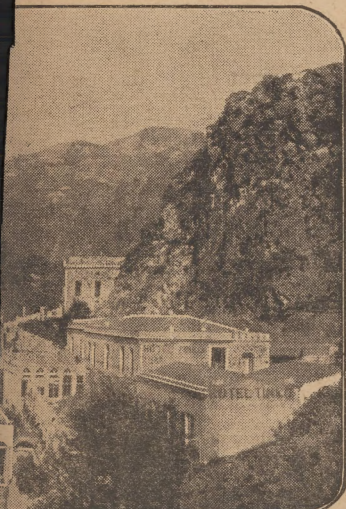
Assouan, about which there has recently been so much talk, but owing to a new theory as to the strain of the present been abandoned.

# D NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE.



National Steeplechase, being hoisted ashore at

# TO TAORMINA, SICILY.



Her two sons, the Princes Eitel and Oscar, will be at the hotel commands a splendid view of the snow-picturesque Sicilian coast.

PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.



## CAMERAGRAPHS OF CURRENT EVENTS

### GOLF IN WEI-HAI-WEI.



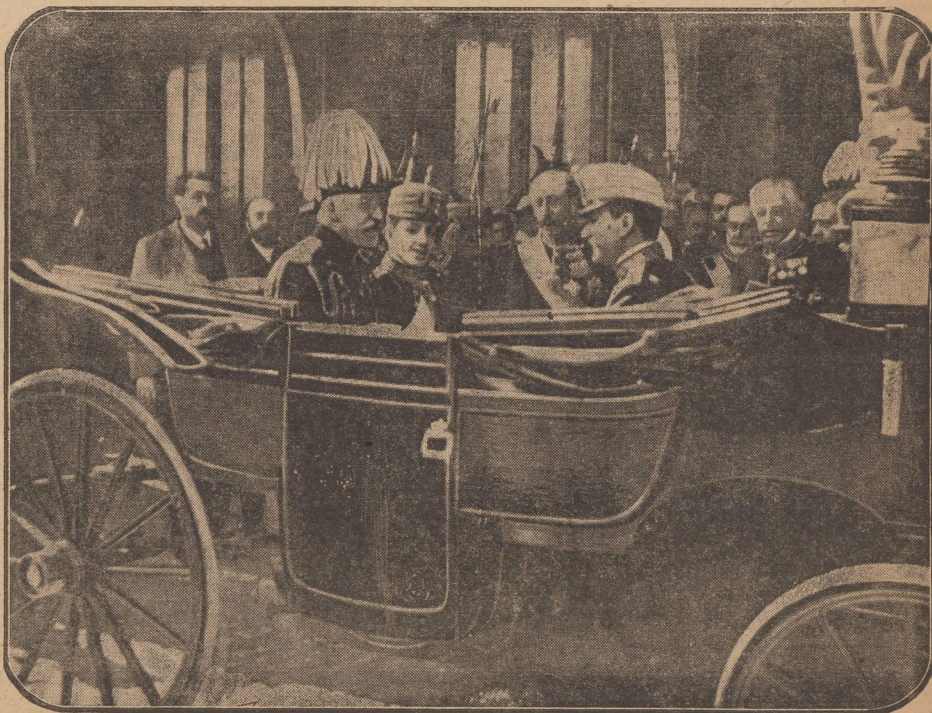
The Chinese caddies in Wei-hai-wei, where the English officers have established a golf course, are enthusiasts. Here is one practising with a stick and a "lost" ball.—(Copyright, by permission of the "Sphere.")

### EXAMINING THE EFFECT OF RUSSIAN BULLETS.



Prince Truberkvy, who is indicated in the photograph by a cross, ordering a doctor to examine a dead Japanese with the object of finding out the exact effect of the Russian bullets.

### KING ALFONSO AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT IN MADRID.



King Alfonso of Spain, with the Duke of Connaught and the Prince of the Asturias, driving from the railway station in Madrid immediately after the Duke's arrival. The streets were thronged with people, who displayed the greatest cordiality towards the English Royal visitors.

Begin Our New Serial To-day.

## SOULS ADRIFT.

*Whatever of earth is formed to earth returns; the soul alone, that particle divine, escapes the wreck of worlds when all things fail.*—SOMERVILLE.

## FOR NEW READERS.

## CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**ROBERT LIDIARD.** An artist of eccentric genius, with a leaning towards the horrible—a painter of cruel temperament, with a taste for the macabre, a patroniser, a blatant egotist, concealed beyond all reason, and married to an innocent, charming girl.

**CECILIA LIDIARD.** Robert's wife. She ran away from her friends to marry him in Paris.

**MONTAGUE STONE.** A rich portrait-painter who, out of pure regard for Cecilia and admiration of Robert's talents, has kept the Lidiards going with money without arousing a spark of gratitude in the egotistical Robert.

In the opening scene of this story we are introduced to the studio of Robert Lidiard. The artist's wife is berating his taste for the unpleasant in art, and the pictures that will not sell. Things are at the very worst with the Lidiards.

Suddenly a telegram comes from a friend in Paris to say that Robert has won the gold medal of the Salon, and that his picture, "The Masque of Sin," has been bought for a thousand pounds. The artist is naturally overjoyed and triumphant, and his conceit is preposterous.

In the moment of his triumph he confesses to Cecilia that they had been living "very close to death," for in his pocket is a phial of poison which was to have taken them both out of the world, if things did not improve; assuming, as a matter of course, that his wife would have been willing to die with him. He then tells her of the phial he brought at the poison, and sets up the phial on the flower-decked table prepared for the feast. He makes the phial the guest of the evening, and it reposes surrounded by roses. He drinks to it mockingly in a bumper of champagne.

Then comes the news in an evening paper that the medal has been awarded to a Frenchman. The congratulatory telegram will come from Paris.

In the reaction of grief and despair that follows Robert Lidiard decides to carry out his original plan. He pours the poison into two glasses of the champagne intended for the feast, and bids his wife drink and not desert him in the last hour.

Then, raise their glasses together. The man drinks, but the woman's teeth clench, her muscles turn to stone, she cannot open her lips. At last faintness overcomes her; the glass slips from her hand, crashing to the ground. She is saved. Robert Lidiard shrieks—

"Betrayed—and you have escaped. You let me die! You wanted me to die—to be rid of me—to be free of my murderous temptress!"

He drops before her eyes, and she gives way to panic. A crowd of people come knocking at the door. They come to congratulate Robert Lidiard, for he was successful after all. The news in the paper was wrong, and the original message was correct. Fortune smiles upon the successful man, and he lies prone and still.

Cecilia flies from the house and wanders about the streets. She is knocked down by a carriage, the occupant of which, Mrs. Chesson, the wife of a theatrical manager, takes Cecilia home with her.

Montague Stone, the generous neighbour and loyal admirer of Cecilia, finds that Robert still lives, and, with a doctor's aid, revives him. Congratulations pour in, but she does not return. The artist's vanity is further inflated by the telegrams—until one message of congratulation arrives from a certain Julian Darell—an enemy—which crumples him up with terror. Julian Darell comes to see him.

## CHAPTER VII.

"You seem surprised to see me," began Julian Darell. He cast sharp, scrutinising glances round the studio as he spoke. He appeared to be appraising everything in it at its just value. "Yet I wonder," he added, "at your surprise, for, after all, you must have expected that I should come and deliver my congratulations in person as well as by wire."

He sat down on the big Turkish divan and lit a cigarette. There was a cool indifference in his manner, a calm contempt.

Robert Lidiard watched him with nervous, furtive eyes, all the man's erstwhile bravado and arrogance had deserted him. He looked as a criminal might look brought face to face with a Judge.

"I see you still maintain your taste for the horrible," continued Julian Darell. "You delight to paint sinister-looking men, and your women are all of them temptresses. Now I don't deny you work a peculiar and effective cleverness—that's why I paid such a large price for the 'Masque of Sin.' You put a lot of yourself into that picture, Robert; it's quite a revelation of latent evil."

Robert Lidiard winced and flushed; then he threw up his hands and addressed the other man passionately.

"What! Is it possible that you have bought my picture?" he cried. "You—you! No, it isn't true—it can't possibly be true." His voice betrayed uncontrollable agitation, but Julian Darell smiled softly to himself and nodded his head.

"Yes, I am the unknown purchaser," he said in slow tones. "For I had a fancy to buy a picture of yours. You imagined it was gone to some American millionaire, didn't you? I thought it would remind me of so many things, for though I look at the

'Masque of Sin'—the man's voice rose stern and earnest, and he fixed his clear, grey eyes upon the other's quivering face—"I shall remember how a man deceived, and betrayed me, was false to friendship, was false to honour, and it will prevent me putting undue trust in others, for I don't want to be disillusioned again. One great shock in a lifetime is enough. Ah! more than enough."

Robert Lidiard passed his hands over his damp brow, then he tottered to a chair and sat down.

"What have you come here for," he murmured, "to taunt or to forgive?" He glanced up pitifully at the other, as though entreating mercy.

"I have come here to punish," returned Julian Darell coldly. "To pay you back in your own coin, to revenge myself on the man I trusted so absolutely, the man whom I looked upon as a brother, and who proved to be a very Judas." His voice was absolutely pitiless.

"Was my sin so great?" muttered Robert Lidiard, moistening his dry lips with his tongue. "I know I robbed you of your money, stole the little hoard you had committed to my charge, played the sorry part of a thief. But there is this to be said in my favour, Julian. He rose to his feet, came forward, and faced the other man. "I believed I was robbing the dead—not the living. They told me at the hospital that it was impossible that you could recover from your accident, that you might lie there an unconscious lot for days, or weeks, perhaps, but that you must succumb to your injuries in the end, and, believing the tale to be true, believing that you would sink from sleep to death, and knowing that no one can carry his money to the grave, I—I—" Robert Lidiard paused, and did not finish the sentence.

"You stole my money," interrupted the other man with a sudden burst of passion. "You stole the little cash-box containing the £200 I had taken such an age to save, the money which was to secure me two years of Rome, and not only that, you stole the few trifles of jewellery I possessed, you turned my pictures and my sketches into money, and, to finish the job successfully you sold up the very studio we had shared together, and then with your ill-gotten gains you came to Paris, Paris like a thief in the night." He hurled the words fiercely, his grey eyes flashing wrathfully, his whole body aflame with scorn.

"I never believed you would recover," began Robert Lidiard, in low, shame-stricken tones, "and I cheated myself into the belief that I was the victor in your possessions, for how many times had you not called me brother and sworn I was the one person you cared for on God's earth? I knew too, that you had quarrelled with your people, quarrelled with that merchant prince, your father, the man who wanted to make a financier of an artist and who had virtually turned you out of his house when you refused to fall in with his plans. Besides, you don't know how terribly I wanted money just then, Julian. During the weeks you lay unconscious at the hospital my circumstances had changed and money which had meant comparatively little to me at the time of your accident meant everything a month later. Besides, don't you understand, don't you comprehend? I firmly believed that there wasn't a chance of your recovery. I mourned you as one dead."

"Yes, and you robbed the dying," interrupted Julian Darell. "And you, my boasted friend, left me to a pauper's burial, a pauper's grave. Oh, it was finely done! But you see I recovered—I came back from the dark, dark, dark, dark, back to the world of light. I turned to discover two astonishing things. One was that the man whom I would have trusted with my very life had robbed and abandoned me to the cold mercy of strangers, and the other that my stern old father had died intestate, and that I was heir to about a quarter of a million."

"I didn't know—I didn't know," muttered Robert Lidiard. "I never heard your father was dead, or of your unexpected inheritance; for, after I stole your money—" he spoke with a certain defiance—

"I made my way to Algiers, and from thence to the Sahara, for I wished to study land and sun and effect on Cecilia, to realise what the desert meant, to stand face to face with silence, to attain to a world of solitude, to behold the desolation of the plain."

Robert Lidiard recovered some of his self-control as he spoke, and his eyes took on the strange gleam which always glittered in their depths when he spoke his heart's desires and his hate.

"Who is Cecilia?" asked Julian Darell. He leaned his head back as he spoke; his face appeared very pale against the crimson cushions. "There was no Cecilia in your life when I knew you," he went on mockingly. "There was a little girl called Mimi, I remember, a girl you treated very cruelly, breaking her heart as remorselessly as you would have stabbed a butterfly; and then there was Julie, the pretty actress, but I don't remember Cecilia."

"Be quiet!" exclaimed Robert Lidiard fiercely. "Don't class my wife with those women." He spoke with some passion, displaying more spirit than he had as yet shown.

"Oh, Cecilia, is she?" returned the other slowly. "I did not know you were married, for, you see, when I found out how you had treated me I was too dazed, too stunned, to feel much resentment at the time or any desire to seek you out and punish you. As far as one man can break another's heart, you broke mine; but I determined

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

Authors of "The Shulamite" (*Weekly Dispatch*),  
"The Marriage Trap" (*Daily Mail*), "The  
Premier's Daughter" (*Daily Mirror*).

to make no effort to trace you, and, having learned by then that I was rich and my own master, I determined to leave the old art life behind me for ever, for I had spoiled my whole charm for you, you had rendered it impossible for me to paint, to dream; you had poisoned the chance of my youth," Julian spoke with intolerable bitterness. "I went back to England," he continued, "and I took up the pose of the rich man. I determined to forget the past, my blighted ambitions, my tainted beliefs. I became hard and worldly; yes, that's what you did for me, Robert Lidiard—that's what you did for me."

"Forgive—forgive!" moaned the other. He bowed his head in a passion of self-abasement. He dared not look at the man he had wronged.

"I shall never forgive you," came the stern answer. "And now, after many years, the desire has awakened in me to punish you. Oh, I know one thing, Robert Lidiard—his voice rose stern and sinister—" though I was weak in the past I have grown strong—strong and cruel. At the time you wronged me so bitterly I only realised the material injury you had inflicted. I did not grasp the incalculable damage you had done my soul. I did not comprehend that I should have lost my life an imbibed and disillusioned man because of your treachery. But the other day, when I saw your picture and heard you extolled on every side as a genius, hailed as the coming man, then I determined that you should pay me for my spoilt youth, and that I should punish you—ah, in the very moment of your triumph, yes, I saw the world of what stuff you were made. I would brand you everywhere as rogue and thief."

"For God's sake, show mercy," shrieked out Robert Lidiard. He trembled in every limb, his face was livid. "Don't you understand," he murmured, "that what I did, I did for a woman's sake? And men have done worse crimes for love. I loved her, I loved her, I loved her, I loved her, I loved her, honestly, truly in love, and the girl loved me, but her adopted parents refused their sanction to her marriage with a penniless artist. They were rich people and lived in England. They threatened to call her home, but I felt if I once let her go back she would be lost to me eternally." Robert Lidiard poured out his words recklessly. There was no mistaking the fact that he was speaking the truth.

"The only thing," he continued, "was a runaway marriage, that was the one way by which I could secure Cecilia—a runaway marriage." He panted heavily; his breath came in sharp gasps. "I had no money, not a sou, and Cecilia only a mere schoolgirl's allowance. I tried to sell some pictures—clerk! I tried—but not a single one would buy one. It was the old story, they were too weird, too horrible. If you had been well and strong I should have been saved, Julian, for you would have lent me what money I wanted, I know you would, you whose 'small little pictures' could always fetch a price, whilst my masterpieces remained unsold; but there you were in the hospital, a dying man, and meanwhile time was passing. Cecilia had either to return to England or to marry me at once; there were no two alternatives. I loved Cecilia and became a thief." The man paused a second, then a sudden idea seized him. He crossed the studio with quick, nervous strides, snatched down a large charcoal drawing he pinned to the wall. It was a cleverly-caught likeness of Cecilia, one he was not a little proud of.

"Look," he exclaimed, thrusting the drawing into Julian Darell's hands, "wasn't she worth the price of a soul? Did you ever see a more beautiful face?" Robert Lidiard had forgotten the events of the last few days for a moment, for he had been scorched off his mind, obliterated by the burning seconds he was passing through, fiery moments of condemnation and anguish.

Julian Darell gazed attentively at the charcoal drawing, and as he gazed his hard face softened, for the man had always been an idealist and a beauty lover, and Cecilia's soft, Madonna-like face appeared him wonderfully, and made him more tolerant of the man who had sinned to wed her.

"When a woman's in the case," he muttered half to himself, "everything goes to the wall—honour, loyalty, and all the rest of it. So it has been from the beginning; so it will be, I suppose, till the end."

He handed the drawing back.

"She is lovely, she is pure Italian art at its best," he said slowly. "A mouth like a rose and the eyes of a saint. Your wife is the best vindication you could offer for your conduct, I admit that."

Robert Lidiard stretched out his thin, trembling hand and grasped the other by his shoulder.

"You will spare me for her sake," he entreated hoarsely. "You'll forgive me because Cecilia is so beautiful." His voice shook with earnestness, his grasp on the man tightened. "I am not pleading in the name of our past friendship," he continued passionately. "I am not going to recall to your memory our old student days, the days when you were all in each other's arms, and I was to you in a woman's name. Spare me, Julian, for the sake of a woman."

Julian Darell hesitated. All that was quixotic and artistic in his nature was stirred by the other's appeal; also, though he would not have admitted it even to himself, he felt a curious pity for Robert stealing over him, the man he had loved and re-

(Continued on page 13.)

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## HAMLET AS A "TURN."

The Day Coming When the Best  
Drama Will Be Seen in  
the Music Halls.

By CECIL RALEIGH.

Mr. Israel Zangwill always speaks seriously of Art. He may make an occasional joke about an artistic thing, but of the position of Art, more especially of every form of Literature, its objects and its aims, he always takes a most lofty view. The fact should be clearly born in mind by all who were perhaps a little surprised to note that at the last Playgoers' Dinner Mr. Zangwill boldly stated it as his opinion that the music-hall sketch might be easily made a powerful medium for the improvement and education of popular taste; and that possibly in the direction of the sketch lay the future of the Drama. For myself, I have never said the same thing, but I have never had the privilege of discussing the matter directly with Mr. Zangwill, and consequently to find that he had arrived at the same conclusions, by no doubt a very different method of reasoning, caused me the keenest satisfaction.

## GIVE THE PUBLIC THE BEST.

The indications of popular taste are unmistakable. "The Belle of the Orient," that was recently presented at the Oxford, is still being and has been for some time past played in the provinces, where "The Fighting Parson," also recently presented, continues a triumphant career. The advertisements of provincial music-halls teem with the announcements of sketches, some of a very ambitious nature. So it is perfectly clear that prosecution has not, and will not, deter music-hall managers from giving the public what the public wants.

Now, in the interests of the dramatic art, surely it is better to give the public a good thing than a bad thing. Surely it is better to pursue the upward inflection. Will the public follow? The public undoubtedly will.

In proof of this statement, you have only to consider what is happening at the music-halls in the heart of London. You will see a complete and very excellent musical play by Mr. Lytton and Sir Alexander Mackenzie performed at the Palace. You will see the Prison Scene from "Faust" at the Lyceum, and you will see extracts from "Il Trovatore" and from the "Cavalleria" at the Coliseum.

In America a one-act play by John Oliver Hobbes is being performed in a music-hall at Pittsburgh by Mr. Herbert Kelsey and Miss Effie Shannon and

MR. CECIL RALEIGH,



Who has written so many successful  
dramas for Drury Lane Theatre.

an excellent company of actors, while one-act plays of admirable quality are rapidly entering into all the music-hall bills of America. Miss Cissie Loftus is returning to the music-hall to stage with the largest salary ever paid to a vaudeville artist in the United States. Yet the "dead hand" of restriction, censorship, and monopoly, would, if it were allowed, hold the music-hall entertainment in this country down on the old level of the lion conque.

Happily, popular opinion is too strong, and the question is no longer, "Shall we have sketches?" but "What sort of sketches shall we have?" In time, no doubt, we shall get the best that modern authors can write for us. In the meantime, while the regular stage runs ankle deep in "Hamlets," why should not the music-halls also place the works of Shakespeare under restriction? If they can legally present scenes from operas there is no doubt that they can legally present scenes from Shakespeare's plays.

The Lord Chamberlain has recently said that the plays of Shakespeare are not licensed, but that they are considered as licensed. So far as Shakespeare goes this is the music-hall. Magna Charta, and music-hall managers should not forget it. If a music-hall manager performed a Shakespearean play, and was prosecuted for presenting a licensed play, it is perfectly clear that he could not be convicted, because the offence could not be proved.

The Lord Chamberlain may "consider" what he pleases, but an unlicensed play is an unlicensed

play—that is to say, it is legally a sketch. But if, on the other hand, it is prosecuted because it is really a play, it ought to have a licence, the defence immediately would be that the Lord Chamberlain considers it to be licensed, and even if a conviction were obtained the Lord Chamberlain's dictum would probably ensure a nominal penalty. If, however, the music-hall manager wants to put himself upon perfectly safe ground, he would say: "The play as it is, is a play, and has a connected plot, but a scene extracted from a play can hardly be said to have a connected plot in the absence of the other scenes. Therefore, a scene taken from 'Hamlet' would be exactly upon 'all fours' with a scene taken from 'Faust' or from 'Il Trovatore'."

Clearly, music-hall managers can play scenes from Shakespeare's plays as often as they like. While the run on "Hamlet" continues, why should they not?

To me, thinking, few people upon our stage today have the personality and temperament of Hamlet so strongly marked as Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The celebrated Charlotte Cushman made a great success at Hamlet, but hers was a very rhetorical performance. The Hamlet of Sarah Bernhardt was a triumph of intellectuality

MISS LOUISE DALE,



As the Angel in "The Pilgrim's Way" at the Court Theatre.—(H. W. Barnett.)

and technical skill over personality. Mrs. Patrick Campbell would appear as Hamlet trebly armed.

But, supposing she did not care to undertake at the Palace, the arduous work of studying and acting the entire play, who should she appear in one scene—that scene properly dressed, mounted and given with all the completeness that we find at the Palace or the Coliseum? How deeply interesting it would be to listen to her interview with Ophelia, the subsequent scene with Polonius, and, finally, the great "To be, or not to be," soliloquy! "All the while crystallise? Who can say?" The final word is, of course, for Mrs. Campbell, but I have reason to believe that the possibility, at least from the managerial side, is in the air, and that financial considerations would form no obstacle.

That such a line of thought is possible, however, is sufficient for my argument. The rise of the modern variety theatre has evolved a new class of playgoer, and all those who love the drama should seek to persuade this class rather than to drag on it.

## SKETCHES LEAD TO DRAMA.

To forbid it dramatic entertainment is to keep it out of the theatre altogether. To cultivate its taste for the drama in the theatre of variety will ensure its patronage of the theatre proper later on. The sketch is the embryo of a new form of dramatic art, which will arise directly the few remaining restrictions upon it are removed.

An excellent play by John Oliver Hobbes, with acrobats in front of it and performing dogs after it, seems strange to our thinking to-day, but is it less strange than a slice of the opera sandwiched between Japanese jugglers and a biography? Good art amidst incongruous surroundings is better than incongruous surroundings with no art at all.

The only national form of entertainment that we have evolved since the passing of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas has been musical comedy. Now Mr. George Edwards tells us that musical comedy is coming to an end. Why? Because the good of entertainment given in the new music-hall, is absorbing the public that patronised the musical comedy; but that public is displaying a distinct inclination for the best class of work when it is given to it in the form of the sketch.

The British stage, upon all other sides offers us nothing new; it goes round and round in the old track, changing little in form or in subject. In the music-hall we find a change both of conditions and of form. When an eminent literary man like Mr. Israel Zangwill recognises the possibilities of this form, surely we are justified in asking whether the future of the British stage does not lie in the lap, no longer of the theatre, but of the theatre of the music-hall.

CECIL RALEIGH.

## TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART.—The Tate Gallery, Cassell. In fortnightly parts, 7d. One of the most excellent series of books in the world.  
PICTORIAL PRACTICAL TREE AND SHRUB GUIDE. By Walter P. Wright and W. Dallimore. Cassell, 1s. 6d.; paper, 1s. Both the authors are big men in their profession. Tells clearly and concisely of the planting, pruning, and general care and treatment of shrubs.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

## DOCTORS AND ALCOHOL.

Is not Dr. James greatly in error? Surely the medical profession is correct when it says that drink is the curse of the country.

I venture to think that England is no more rapacious than other nations, and that poverty and suffering are the chief causes of drink, whether in rich or poor. Only the rich have not the excuse which the poor have, as they have plenty of food and comfort to assist them in their trouble.

D. Z. BEAUMONT.

104, Church-road, Upper Norwood.

## FAULT OR MISFORTUNE?

I overheard a remark in an omnibus to-day which gave me much food for thought.

"The hard thing is it has never been his fault that he failed. It was always sheer misfortune." Now, can this be true? Can a man fail over and over again through sheer misfortune? Does anyone know a case in which a man has missed success through no fault or incompetence on his part, simply owing to "bad luck"? M. D.

Kensington Gore, March 27.

## POSTMEN'S UNIFORM.

I have read "Major R.A.'s" remarks, but I think it is the men who want improving rather than their uniforms. If they were made to keep their clothes brushed and their boots polished it would make a lot of difference.

Postmen are not a smart set of men. You will not find one in a dozen with a good carriage. Their uniform is all right, but, like every other, it wants wearing properly. A CLOSE OBSERVER.

## ARMY RATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

"Anti-Fat" is quite correct about the bacon (7), but what about the "bully" beef? Well, words fail me. It was said to be stores left over from the Crimea, but I should think from its mellow taste it must have been brought over with William the Conqueror.

While writing I should very much like to bring to your notice the way in which the "bully" was served out. Before starting on the march in the morning, we were served with an 11lb. tin, which had to satisfy twenty-two men. I would like your readers to imagine what it is to carry an 11lb. tin under your arm, in addition to 14lb. of ammunition hanging on the stomach and a rifle.

First twelve or fourteen miles were covered, every one, being more or less tired, refused to carry it any further, with the result that it was thrown in the wayside, to be scorned by Kafirs.

ONE WHO STUCK TO HIS BISCUIT.

## LOVE AND THE MAIDEN.

Striking Allegory Wedded to Attractive Music  
at the Court Theatre.

Something like a half-religious song-cycle, performed in costume—very graceful and harmonious costume; with scenery, simple but effective; and with a little action. That is "The Pilgrim's Way," which was produced last night and will be playing throughout the week at the Court Theatre.

The music by "D. Elliott," who is a daughter-in-law of Mr. George Meredith, is interesting and melodious, rising now and then to real power. The allegory which it illustrates has a touch of novelty about it.

In the Garden of Life, the three Fates sit spinning the web of doom. Into the garden wanders a young girl, beautiful, innocent, unconscious of the world. There she meets with Love, and for a year their happiness is unclouded.

Then the Fates grow jealous. Love is struck dead by the lightning of their wrath. His bride sorrow as one who knows no hope.

But to her appears her guardian angel, bidding her take heart for the sake of the child that shall be hers, and amid the chorus of a choir of angels she dries her unavailing tears and sets out upon her pilgrimage through life.

Miss Phyllis Lett, who plays the Maiden, has a remarkable contralto voice, as yet not quite under full control. She bids fair to become a famous singer. Miss Louise Dale is the angel—a very charming angel with those delicious high notes we know so well. Miss Gleeson-White's fine voice and method are also employed to great advantage; she is one of the Fates.

Love is played by Mr. Reginald Somerville, who sings very pleasantly and acts with an air of youthful intensity that just suits the part.

It is an original kind of entertainment, but one which music lovers would do well to sample. The orchestra, it should be added, is a good one, and is kept up to the mark by Mr. Alick Maclean.

## A "FUTURITY" PLAY.

At Margaret's Gate Hall three new little plays by Miss Margaret Stanley Clark were presented and received very favourably. In one of them the author tackled the subject of life. A hundred Years Hence," and extracts humor from the contrasted views of a young lady of the twenty-first century and a young man of fashion representing nineteenth-century ideas.

## BLOOD BATTLES.

(Copyright.)

This article does not refer to a battlefield in the ordinary sense of the word, where men with guns and cannon are bent on mutual destruction. It appertains to a combat in which every human being is concerned. It relates especially to those who lack vitality or strength of constitution, or who have in some way poisoned their blood. Life is the battlefield, and the fight is for life itself.

## THE ENEMY.

Maintenance of life is merely a form of perpetual warfare against an unseen but never-resting enemy—against the microbes of disease. Such germs owe their origin to defective drainage, unhealthy surroundings, careless living, poisoned wounds, etc. In this way microbes are the cause of Scrofula, Consumption, Tumours, Erysipelas, Abscesses, Boils, and other blood diseases. The scrofula (or tubercle) bacillus and the germs which give rise to disease are, if unchecked, highly dangerous to life.

## OUR ARMY OF DEFENCE.

Pure blood is full of little things called red and white corpuscles—so small they can only be seen under the microscope. The red kind carry oxygen from the air breathed into every part of the body. White corpuscles, with their feelers, suckers, and constant movements, live on and eat up those microbes which find their way into the blood, destroy the purifying elements in the blood, whilst the poisonous substances produced by disease germs.

## MODE OF ATTACK.

When we are strong and healthy, our blood army is active and aggressive; but when, on the contrary, we are weakly and delicate, these corpuscles are languid and disinclined to fight. In the latter case microbes find a ready foothold and a blood disease results.

## A PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

To war successfully against microbes, or, in other words, to secure pure blood, our army of white blood corpuscles must be kept in fighting trim. Those individuals, therefore, who inherit or acquire a blood, scrofula, or other chronic blood disease, must live a healthy, out-of-door life. They must also take plain, wholesome, nourishing food, with a daily allowance of fat, and keep their houses well-ventilated, well-lighted, and in good sanitary condition. Lastly, reinforcements of purifying elements must be given to the blood to keep it pure and its army of germ eaters vigorous and energetic.

## MODERN WEAPONS.

The importance of blood purity has been explained, and we now remind the reader that "Antexema Granules" are the cheapest and the best form of blood medicine known, as they purify the blood and act as an antidote to poisonous matter. They do not upset the digestion or stain the teeth, are sugar-coated so that children take them as readily as adults, and are not aperient.

## BLOOD-PURIFYING SPRINGS.

There are certain chemical elements that are the great enemy of the microbes of disease. These elements are found in mineral springs, such as those of Harrogate and Strathpeffer, and hence sufferers from diseases due to impurity of the blood go to these springs, drink the waters there, and regain their health. "Antexema Granules" contain the important soluble compounds found in the mineral springs, and their marvellous curative powers in all blood troubles are brought right into the homes of everyone at a cost of less than a halfpenny per day.

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## A SUGGESTION FOR YOU.

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LONDON LETTER CARD. Full particulars post free, or 20 Cards and Entry Form 5d. stamps.—LANGLEY & SONS, 111, Dept., Euston Works, London, N.W.

### Cure Thyself.

One who has himself suffered will willingly send to anyone a FREE PRESCRIPTION which cured him, and has restored many thousands of sufferers to health and strength who had previously given up all hope of being cured, and notice those afflicted with the following diseases:—Nervous Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Varicose, Premature Decay, Dependence, Loss of Energy, etc. Send stamped envelope to—W. GRAY, Esq., Sutton House, Wood Green, London, N. Name this paper.

### ROU FROU CREPELINE

PER YARD 2/- IN ALL COLORS  
WE GIVE YOU THE LINING FREE

### LADIES!

You are sure to want a Crepe-line Dress this season. They are so very fashionable and dressy. We are supplying our Wool "Frou-Frou" Crepe-line in Black and 22 Fashionable Colors at 2/- per yd., carriage paid, 4 1/2 in wide and up to advertise same we are presenting Silk Finished SKIRT LINING to match (worth 2d.) with each dress length. STYLISH TWEEDS ARE STILL THE FASHION and we have an endless and charming variety from 1/6 to 2/6. Charming Blouse Fabrics, Shirts and Embroidered Goods, PATTERNS and FASHION CATALOGUE FREE.  
MARTLEY & CO., 111, Stanbury Rd., Leeds.

# AN ATHLETE'S HEART.

Unless the heart is strong and well, all the training and skill in the world is of little use. The exhaustion, shortness of breath, and palpitation will overcome the skill of the rest of the body, and failure is the result. Too great a strain and the danger to life becomes apparent.

We never ask a man or woman to purchase a penny's worth of OX IEN without first trying it at our expense, and making absolutely certain that OX IEN has cured troubles of the Heart. This is why we ask to be allowed to send a free week's test of the medicine, without any charge for the same, now or hereafter, and we furthermore solicit people to call and see the original letters from people who have been cured. Read, as well, our guarantee of the freedom from any sort of poison in OX IEN. When you have done this you will know whether OX IEN is what you need or not. In any case, you will be under no obligations to us. If so many other people are cured, why not you?

## BOX OX IEN FREE.

Upon application we will supply anyone who has not previously had one of our free lists, with a box of OX IEN, sufficient for a week's trial. This will be sent free of charge in a plain wrapper. We will enclose our free illustrated book on Heart Disease and a list of people who have been cured. Address: The Giant Oxie Co. (Dept. 118 A.T.), 8, Bouvier-street, London, E.C.

### SITUATIONS VACANT.

A GENUINE HOME EMPLOYMENT.—Tinting email (prints), experience unnecessary. Stamped envelope (20), 17, Ranelagh-ave., Fulham.

A SMART Young Man wanted; canvassing; London or provinces, excepting the West; energetic man. Write, in first instance, A.A. 1765, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitechapel, E.C.

A GENTS Wanted.—£25 made monthly handling my celebrated "Dry Powder Fire Extinguisher." Latest equipment. Leicester Corporation; far superior to liquids.—Fyre Dept. Northall, Doncaster.

A RT.—Fashion, black and white work, taught by easy method, correspondence or studio.—Particulars, addressed envelope. Anglo-American School, 244, High Holborn, W.C.

CLERKS sent out to-day for an interesting Free Lesson in Shorthand—250 Short-hand. Latest equipment. In twelve lessons.—London Commercial College, (Department), 8, 71, High Holborn, London.

MOTOR TRADE.—Send 2d. for book which teaches the mechanism of and how to drive and look after Motor-car; a new, well-paid, and healthy trade for you; ambitious men should write for prospectus and testimonials of the School of Motoring, Berry-st., Liverpool.

Domestic.  
WANTED, Companion-Help; servant kept; lady and gentleman.—45, Highfield-rd., Doncaster.

### GARDENING.

ALL GLOVES DELIVERED FREE.—5d. penny packets A choice flower seed, all different, 1s. 1 1/2d.; 20 packets sent post-free 12/00 seeds, exhibition standard, 1s. 1 1/2d.; 28 full-sized packets vegetable seed (tested and guaranteed), with plant of early manhood and late peas and runner beans, 1s. 4 1/2d.; rose tree, 1s. 4 1/2d.; three climbers, 1s. 3d.; three ramblers, 2s. 3d.; three standards, 3s. 6d.; 12 mixed glass and metal garden ornaments (guaranteed), 1s. 6d.; Japanese hanging ferns, started in 1s. 3d. each, three for 2s. 6d.; Lilium Atratum (Japanese Sun Lily), deliciously scented, six for 2s. 6d.; Imperial Supply Stores, 412, Crompton-st., Waltham, London.

65 PACKETS showy Flower Seeds, 1s. 1d.; marvellous pink—Dan Stone, London, W.C.

66 PACKETS choice Flower Seeds, post free, 1s.—Guarantee Seed Co., 138, Old-st., E.C.

### PETS LIVE STOCK, AND VEHICLES.

A BERDEEN Terriers; pups, 2gs.; adults, 5, 4, 3gs.—A Major Richardson, Carnoustie, Scotland.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

A A.A.A.A.—How Money Makes Money (post free); write for our booklet, showing in simple language how ladies or gentlemen may, without work, worry, or trouble make large profits without any experience; if we have the money the rest is easy. Our clients are fully secured against loss, as fully explained booklet; £2 10s. sufficient capital for commencement; better terms than other firms copying our methods and booklet; they don't guarantee you against losing every penny of your capital.—Henderson, 11, Pall Mall, London, W.C.

MOUSTACHE.—Mousta' specially forsores luxuriant growth (sent plain package) 6d. stamps.—Penny 25, Mallow-st., Holloway, London.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; all should call or forward by post; full value per return or offer made.—Messrs. M. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 135, Oxford-st. opposite Berners-st., London (established 100 years).

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; for highest prices apply to Dr. Paget Bell, 218 Oxford-st., London, W.C. or post parcels; immediate cash or offer made; firm est. 1750.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; good prices given; money sent and order post; price accepted; self-cured treatment; V. Pearce, 10, Granville-rd., Hove, Brighton.

RUPTURE.—Gentleman cured himself; will send free particulars of long-suffering and successful treatment; highly successful.—Box 96, 3, Earl-st., Carlisle.

SIX TIMES TOO MUCH COAL BURNED.—Write Sugar House Mills Company, Stratford.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Free to all afflicted; to remove N. root and stem, send for the treatise compiled from 1883 of the war-maiden the 1st Co. of Sharpshooters, War IV., and Queen Adelaide.—Robt. Low, 65, Great Queen-st., London.

# THE GIANT PRAISES BILE BEANS

The Biggest Man and the Best Medicine.

MACHNOW'S RECIPE FOR A GOOD DIGESTION.

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by the  
Bile Bean Co.



The Russian Giant, Machnow, who has been brought to England by Herr Oscar Flachs, of the Passage Theatre, Berlin, is the sensation of the moment. Machnow stands 9ft. 8in.; his hands measure two feet from tip to wrist; and the rest of his body and limbs are of similar proportions.

The leading Continental physicians and scientists declare Machnow to be a grand specimen of the human constitution. To maintain the health and strength of a frame of such huge proportions naturally requires an amount of food which makes ordinary mortals marvel.

Machnow's appetite is in proportion to his extraordinary bulk. Sixteen hard-boiled eggs and six to eight small loaves for breakfast; five pounds of meat, amongst other items, for dinner, is a diet that would put a strain upon the strongest stomach. It is interesting to learn, therefore, that Bile Beans are used by Machnow to give the help Nature requires. His opinion of Bile Beans is enthusiastic in the extreme. Mr. Flachs, as manager for the Giant, sends us the following perfectly voluntary testimony:—

"Hippodrome, London, 17th March, 1905.

"To the Bile Bean Co.,

"Dear Sir,—It may interest you to learn that Machnow, the Russian Giant, whom I am introducing at the London Hippodrome, is a great believer in Bile Beans. After one of his customary heavy meals he finds them an excellent aid to the digestion, and a safe and valuable aperient medicine. Before using Bile Beans, Machnow had to rely on the usual cathartics; but he finds Bile Beans far superior to all ordinary and old-fashioned remedies. Because the Giant owes his robust health in no small degree to Bile Beans, I think it right you should know the fact. You are at liberty to use this as you think fit.

"I am, yours faithfully,

*for Giant. Feodor Machnow.*

*Oscar Flachs*  
Manager

**SEND  
FOR  
FREE  
SAMPLE  
BOX.**

#### COUPON.

To obtain Free Sample Box of Bile Beans send this coupon, name and address, and 1d. stamp (to cover return postage) to Bile Bean Co., Leeds.

*Daily Mirror, 28/3/05.*

**FREE  
MEDICAL  
ADVICE  
BY  
POST.**

The proprietors have engaged a fully qualified medical staff, who—if you are ailing—will inform you whether Bile Beans are suitable for your case or not. Write in confidence to the Bile Bean Co., Leeds, mark letter "PRIVATE," stating full particulars as to symptoms, age, and sex.

#### THE GREATEST FAMILY MEDICINE.

While proving so beneficial to a system of such gigantic dimensions as Giant Machnow, Bile Beans may be, and are, used with perfect safety and unfailing benefit by the weakest and most delicate persons. As an aid to digestion they are unequalled, and being composed wholly of vegetable essences they do not purge and gripe like the old-fashioned and mineral preparations.

Bile Beans cure Headache, Constipation, Piles, Colds, Liver Chill, Influenza, Pimples, Spring Blood Impurities, Liver Trouble, Bad Breath, Biliousness, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence, Dizziness, Debility, Anaemia, and all Female Ailments. Obtainable of all Medicine Vendors, or post free from the Bile Bean Co., Red Cross Street, London, E.C., on receipt of price, 1s. 1d.; large family size (containing three times quantity 1s. 1d. size) 2s. 9d. per box.

**BILE  
—  
BEANS  
—  
FOR  
BILIOUSNESS**